AUG 3 1917 COLLEGE

CANADA MONTHLY

EDITED BY SIDNEY R. COOK

Janey Canuck Scores Again

Many of our readers have welcomed our announcement of a new series of sketches by Janey Canuck, the first of which appeared in the July issue. On page 199 will be found the second article of the series, which bears the sub-title, "The Plough-Master." It is the story of an Albertan farmer who wants to fight for his country but feels he should stay with his plough.

"The Bookman," (London, Eng.) in a recent issue had this to say regarding Janey Canuck :—"Her work has the optimism of the true lyric ; the song of the open road. The refrain of the windswept spaces was never set to a better tune. * * * * It is not style that matters in the work of 'Janey Canuck' any more than it matters in the work of Walt Whitman—a kindred philosopher. She comes scattering seeds of gladness in our mist, and lo ! our gloom is gone like a black cloud that breaks before the April sun. She is the philosopher of gladness and content and common sense, a philosophy as durable as Bergonism. The whole thing is a garland of gladness sparkling with the dews of a clean, fresh philosophy—a crown of rest for the tired brows.—What patron saint, we wonder, bends over 'Janey Canuck' when she is weaving her bright fancies."

A critic in The Free Press (Milwaukee) in a recent review of one of her books wrote as follows :—"She could write a good book of travel if her circuit extended only from the town pump to the barn door, for the root of the matter is in her. * * * * * She has an eye for the picturesque, a feeling for the humorous, a taste for the difficult and recondite. She is drawn to the silences and remote places. Above all, she is full of human kinship. And she has the gifts without which no one can know the worth of romance and imagination. So it happens that one follows gladly where she leads, and that her book has atmospheres, for it has borrowed scent and savor from the long trails, ozone from the mountains, bravery and tenderness from the hearts of men."

A Canadian reviewer in "The Saturday Sunset," (Vancouver) says :—"The striking quality of her writing consists in the wonderful personality which radiates from her written pages and communicates itself to the reader. * * * * * * It is a personality so magnetic and so full of living fire, as to give immortal value to her works. And that is why 'Janey Canuck' means so much to us loyal Canadians for we know that if our country is ever to be great, its literature must be great, and that every writer who possesses the 'spark of that immortal fire' should be cherished in our inmost heart."

If you did not read the opening instalment of "Lord 'o Land" in the July issue, turn to page 199 and begin the series now. Another instalment will be printed in the September issue.

CONTENTS FOR AUGUST, 1917

Cover Design
By B. CORY KILVERT

The Breakdown of Democracy 173
By BRITTON B. COOKE. Illustrated by cartoons.

The Case at Evelyn Grange (Part II.) 176
By E. W. GRANT. Illustrated by Marcel Olis.

The Pedlar's Pack 180
By "RAGGS."

A Box of Candy 182
By GENE MACLEAN. Illustrated by Maginel Wright Enright.

The Right Angle 186

Save for Export 188
By R. GOLDWIN SMITH.

Politics and Politicians 191
By TOM KING. Illustrated with a photograph.

The Owner of Twenty-Eight Above 193
By MADGE MACBETH. Illustrated by W. B. Timlyn

The First Icelander 197
By NAN MOULTON. Decorations by Frederic M. Grant.

Lord o' Land, II. The Plough-Master 199
By JANEY CANUCK. Decorations by Frederic M. Grant.

The Country's Greatest Asset 202
By LILLIAN BEYNON THOMAS.

Her Masterpiece (Concluded) 203
By BLANCH GERTRUDE ROBBINS. Illustrated by C. W. Jefferys.

His Great Discovery 207
By EDNA AIKEN. Illustrated by Robert Edwards

Scotland Yet. A Poem 209
By A. STODDART WALKER.

Current Events in Review 210

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If You Could See Your Skin As Others See It

Too often we stand back from our mirrors, give our complexions a touch or two of the mysterious art that lies in our powder boxes and then think our skins are passing fair

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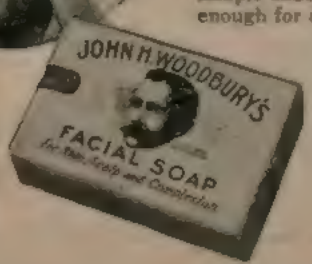

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MADE IN CANADA

VOLUME Twenty-two NO. 4

CANADA MONTHLY

LONDON August 1917

The Breakdown of Democracy—

and the Come-back that is Already on its Way

By Britton B. Cooke

SH! Did you see that shadow? Or was it a man—slinking down a side street, his head bent and his coat collar turned up?. . . . Look! There he goes. He has turned his face so that you can't see it. His cap is pulled down over his eyes. He is trying to hide. Running from place to place seeking cover. But he can't find any. He's too fat, and big and ungainly. Everybody knows him. Everyone is sneering at his silly, fatuous amiable figure. Everybody is pointing and saying: "There goes Democracy! The Behemothian Boob! The Gargantuan Simp!"

Let him go.

You will remember that the trial was only yesterday. The charge against Democracy in Canada was that it could not be trusted to give a wise answer on the question of Conscription. The Canadian government swore out the information, to wit, that the said person, Democracy, was incompetent and untrustworthy, not to be relied upon in any emergency, and liable therefor to be deprived of his rights and privileges. The Canadian Parliament was to have been the judge but as a matter of fact there was no judging done. Democracy did not even have a chance to plead. He was condemned as guilty before he was charged. Fred Pardee, Chief Liberal Whip, who should have been one of the chief lawyers for the defense—openly threw up his brief. Democracy wasn't even asked if he had anything to say why sentence should not be passed upon him. In fact, nobody passed sentence. It was taken for granted. Democracy walked out of the Royal Victoria Museum in Ottawa a condemned man. Does anybody wonder that he skulks?

And have I any new evidence on his behalf? Not a tittle. Am I asking for a new trial? No. Do I condone his recent conduct? No. Am I a friend of his? Y-yes and n-no! Is Democracy going to redeem himself? Swear off and take the Keeley Cure? I don't know. But do I *think* so? I DO!

Whenever I think of this fellow Democracy I am reminded of a foundling that was born in the hinterland of York County. A hard-working old couple found him on their door-step one morning—a beautiful fat baby full of smiles, dimples and the promise of beauty. They took him in and loved him and, although he gave them a fair amount of trouble, had a pretty happy time with him for a few years. Then he disappeared and the old couple died. Next he turned up on a farm and was welcomed and given a glass of milk and a slice of bread by the farmer's wife. She too, liked his chubby countenance and persuaded her husband to keep him and educate him. But just when they thought he was going to amount to something he moved on again and was taken in (or took in) another family, and later another—and so on until half the township knew Fatty and loved Fatty for all his foibles, and had faith that he would one day turn out to be a good citizen. At last a gang of ruffians from Toronto invaded the township and took up their abode in a deserted farm-house from which they issued on all sorts of villainous raids. When the local constables had failed to arrest these men the community appointed Fatty to do it—and Fatty funked. From that day forward he was condemned. No one would turn a hand to help him. He was an outcast, and yet in twenty years he became the richest man in the township and mayor of its largest town.

So with Democracy. Greece picked up the plump foundling. Rome suckled it. England schooled it. France gave it philosophy and America endowed it with wealth. Russia opened her arms to him—. We in Canada relied upon his sanity and courage. And he failed all of us. He betrayed Greece—unwittingly perhaps, but no less really—to the invader. He disappointed Rome. England had to tie him up with a dictatorship and France had to sober him with blows. America has had to muzzle him. Russia was saved from his stupidity only by Kerensky, and we Canadians have apparently abandoned him.

Voila Democracy!

Yet he will some day be the greatest man in the township and mayor, not of one town but of all the towns of civilization. I think the parallel is clear.

You and I are atoms in the body of Democracy. You may be a part of his brain and I may be part of his hands—that is neither here nor there. But it is a blow to you and me to find out what we have found out about him. Democracy is your hope and my hope. The democratic instinct probably brought you to Canada from the Old Country, or if you were born on this side of the water, Democratic ideas were fed to you with your first arrow-root biscuit. It is all very well for detached persons in lofty places to lament the failure of Democracy. It's failure may not touch them at all. It is like the rich man lamenting the fire which devastates the poorer sections of a city. It is a deplorable affair to him. To us—it is tragedy. For this is an age in which efficiency wins all races, and if Democracy

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is to continue as inefficient as it has shown itself to be in the fight against autocracy, Heaven help it. It was not until democratic institutions were abated or suspended in the democratic countries, that we began to make headway against kaiserism. We have been slow to admit it in Canada, but even here we have at last seen Democracy condemned. The fact that Democracy cannot be trusted to decide on Conscription means that YOU and I cannot be trusted. We are no longer politically responsible. Politically we are still under twenty-one.

And are we justly accused? Absolutely.

Let's just think back a little way and examine your conduct, and Jones' and mine in the last few elections in this country—in all elections. How did we behave? Like freemen proud of their right to govern themselves, eager to exercise the privilege with care and sincerity? Like citizens who appreciated the long centuries of toil and suffering which preceded our right to vote? I know how *I* voted and I have a pretty fair notion of how you voted—and Fred Pardee at Ottawa has a still better notion because he and the rest of Parliament have long made a habit of studying our precious habits at election time, and profiting by their knowledge of our weakness. For year in and year out we common folks have been flub-dubbed and flim-flammed by Tories and Grits alike, stamped with catch-phrases, or incensed with half-statements of truth and flumixed into electing this party or that party by much the same method that the old-time fur-traders cheated the Indians with gew-gaws and beads. Ottawa had the first sincere moment it has known for many a decade when this Conscription issue rose and the Master Flim-flammers, knowing how THEY had won elections before, dreaded to see a serious issue entrusted to us!

Take Jones's case. He never cared much about party affiliations but liked to sit at home with his boots off and his feet on the rungs of another chair, grouching to his wife about the way the country was run. He claimed to be an independent. He hadn't any use for Laurier or for Borden. He thought they were all "a gang of shisters," and that some of them ought to be "doing time" at Stoney Mountain, or Westminster or Kingston. . . . And when election time came did Jones judge the government, or the policy of the government, or the Opposition or ITS policy—on merit? Not a bit of it. Just when he had almost decided to toss a coin to see how he'd vote—he met a cross-eyed cattle-dealer with a wart on his ear and a diamond ring. The cattle dealer started to talk in favor of the Government. Jones, who was at first inclined to agree, suddenly concluded that the cattle dealer was too darn cock-sure. The more he listened to the cattle-dealer the better the government's case seemed—and the less Jone's liked it. He wound up by hating the cattle-dealer and voting against the Government. Is that much of an exaggeration?

Of course YOUR case is different from Jones. It would be unfair to assume that YOU would be swayed by any such trifling considerations as a cattle dealer with a wart on his ear. You, good reader, are (let us assume) one of two things: a Farmer-Free-Trader or a Manufacturer-High-Protectionist. Don't for one moment suppose that the two terms are really opposed. On the contrary they are both as near alike as the proverbial two peas. As items in a Democratic community you are identical because you can always be relied upon to judge any and every issue from your own standpoint. You are a High Protectionist because your father left you a woolen mill and you had to close it up because the government refused to give the woolen industry protection against Old Country woolen manufacturers. I don't say you aren't right about the woolen manufacturers needing protection in the days before the war, but I do say you are wrong for interpreting the needs of the whole country by your own needs. OR if you are a Free-Trader-Farmer—the same thing applies. You can see no future for Canada but farming because farming is YOUR future. You would mould the destiny of all the unborn children in this country to suit your own particular calling.

BUT observe how you work as an integral part of the machinery of Democracy. Lo, a gentle election coming down the road! Lo two parties courting her, the Government party and the Opposition. They would have you speak a good word on their behalf, and they therefore size you up as they approach and determine the proper way to make a fool of you. It doesn't take the average politician two seconds to learn your prejudices, or more than three seconds to learn to play upon them. He damns the people you damn, and with a catch in his throat speaks of the names you revere. He makes phrases that will stick in your ear, and of the real merits of men or policies he says nothing worth hearing.

AND REMEMBER THIS: in the eyes of the politician you are not cap-

The Coast and Conscription

By Harry C. Douglas

Out on the Pacific Coast there is a feature of the conscription issue peculiar to British Columbia. Even if it be a merely local incidental, though, it is fraught with the most far reaching potentialities. And because of it many persons, many earnest, patriotic persons who elsewhere would heartily support compulsion, are opposed to it as applied west of the Great Divide. Their case, in effect, is put thus. "There are probably 50,000 Asiatics—Chinese, Japanese and East Indians—between the Coast and the Divide. In addition to these aliens there are thousands of others—Swedes, Galicians and Slavs of various sub nationalities—working in the mines and camps of British Columbia not all of whom are loyal to Canada in particular or the Empire in general. Our best men have left us of their own accord; if you forcibly take most of the rest of our able bodied males of British stock you will hand over this province to aliens—and aliens with Asiatics in the ascendancy at that. Our women are getting uneasy about this possibility. Our men are wondering what is to be the future fate of white and highly paid labor if you permit Asiatic and cheaper European labor to get more of a grip here than it has already got. . . . and we feel none too comfortable about it as it is. We hope that in striking at Quebec the measure does not hit us worse." There is no attempt to secure a local exemption in this attitude of mind. It has arisen out of a vital local fact; that is all. The plain fact stands that aliens have been left in a none too comforting position of power by the volunatry system as far as British Columbia is concerned. It would not be so bad if the foreigners for the most part were loyal—or even sympathetic; but they are not. It will be difficult to reach many of these men by conscription—impossible in many cases; and even under the most favorable conditions of enlisting them the concomitant draining away of more men of British stock would leave matters much as they are—or worse. It is one more instance of how the American Congress has been able to profit by our mistakes. By insisting on compulsion from the outset, President Wilson has put it into the power of his people to see to it that the burden falls on all, and that the stranger within the national gate be not left in a position of almost commanding importance.

able of grasping the finer shades of meaning in the discussion of a public question. You are not given credit for having anything but the qualities you usually show—I shan't name 'em. Does the politician analyze public issues as carelessly before his intimate friends as he does for you? Never! But a snappy phrase or two is supposed to be about all you can grasp. Subtleties are over your head. The young and erstwhile sincere politician is soon told to cut out the earnest analysis of a topic. He must "make it easy" . . . "Give 'em ABC's." Reciprocity was defeated (rightly I think) but not on its merits. Flag waving did what more sincere argument failed to do. The Liberals were defeated on the navy issue in Quebec—how? By distorted representations of the Truth.

You and Jones and I have made Democracy a failure by our failure to live up to its obligations. We have taught the politician to fool us and taught him so well that on an issue where his own sincerity is at last aroused, he recalls how easily he fooled YOU, and Jones and I in the past—and determines to trust nothing to us.

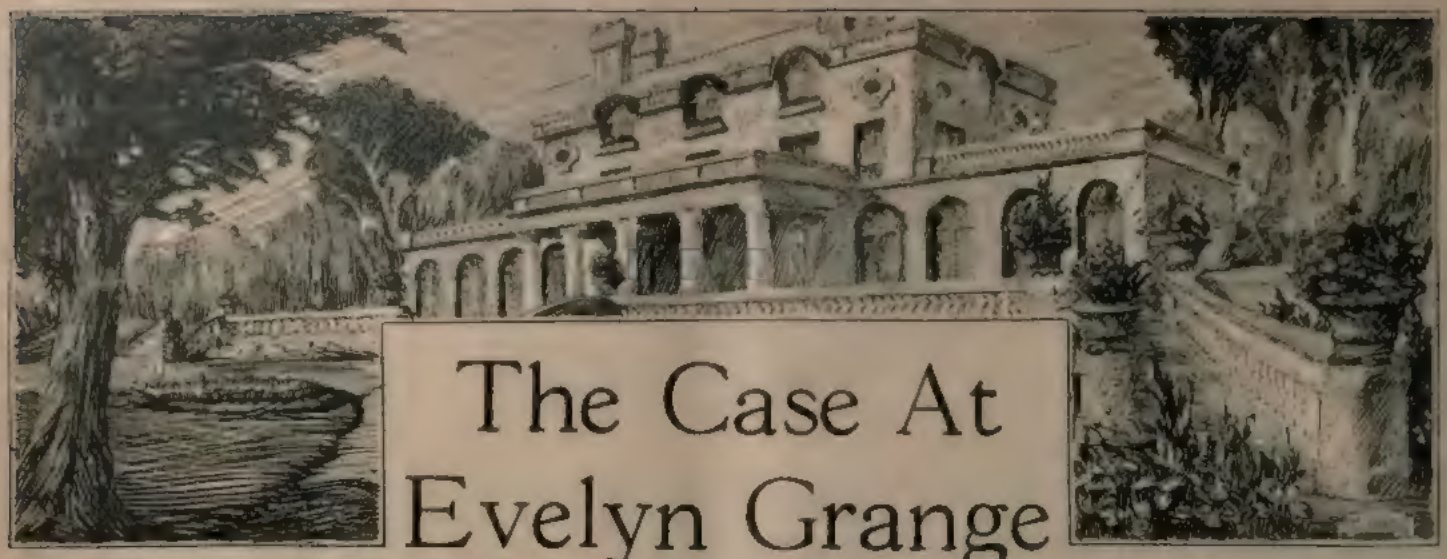
It is pleasant for a moment to contemplate how Aristotle's lip would curl, how he would nod grimly at Fred Pardee and how he would say: "I told you so!" if he were here to observe modern Democracy. He always did believe the worst of democracy we're told. It would warm the cockles of his heart to see after all these centuries how "ochlocracy" had failed. Even Pericles would be hard pressed to save his face. He would see how badly Democracy had drifted, lacking a steady hand at the tiller—an autocratic hand. He would point not only to the indifference of Jones and you and me, but he would denounce our debased citizenship. Pericles was called a reactionary for making Athenian parentage on both sides an express condition for retaining the franchise in Athens, and with the franchise the right to sit on paid juries. Here he would see an almost unconditional citizenship held in low esteem because it cost the holder nothing. He would claim that all our troubles came from our too liberal view of citizenship. Make it hard, he might say, or at least exclusive; then men will value it and treat it with respect and affection.

And that, I venture to believe, with others, is precisely what is going to happen. Therein lies I think the hope of our Democracy. Men who have fought and suffered at the behest of their country are going to take a new interest in the control of the government which led them into war. Women who have sacrificed their men will teach the boys growing up in their care to cherish the thing for which so much has been paid in coin of sorrow. And for what did they pay it? For Democracy. Then if Democracy does not now seem to be worth such a price—it must be made worth it. The farm that has cost a man nothing may seem to him a poor and valueless thing. He may or he may not take an interest in making it yield. But when he has invested somewhat of himself in it he determines sooner or later to win back his equity. So with Democracy. We have an equity in it. We must take care of it. And although it has not been the voice of Canadian Democracy that ordained Conscription, Conscription will hasten the greater development of that Democracy. The persons of low spirit, the indifferent and selfish people who have always regarded the State as something from which to demand rights and if possible obtain privileges, will be forced to "invest" themselves or their sons in an enterprise of the State. Hereafter they will take more interest in the selection of persons to direct the affairs of the nation. Knowing the ultimate authority of the State they will realize at last that they are a real part of the State, and that for every right there is a duty that demands our services.

"I remember those boys when they both had good jobs"

Conscription—of men and wealth and natural resources—marks the beginning of the third phrase of the development of Democracy. Looking back over the history of democracy one is impressed with the rightness and the appropriateness of its growths. There could have been no democracy in the first place. Abysmal ignorance prevailed and those who were not so ignorant became leaders and wielded their authority by reason of strength—the only argument our ignorant forefathers could recognize. Democracy could not be born until the mass of population in the state was capable of thinking. The "direct" Democracies of Greece attained to great heights of political intelligence and were in many ways superior to our modern democracies. But even they failed through the over-emphasis of Individualism. They had learned the art of working together only to a limited extent. They parted under stress.

Fat Democracy is taking exercise and going to school. Heretofore the sacrifices on behalf of the common folk against the aristocrat and the monarch have been carried on by idealists, dreamers and martyrs. Democracy has been the spoiled child slaved for by heroes. It has been, as Price Collier once observed with lofty contempt, an aggregation of persons "who don't know what they want and won't be happy until they get it." To-morrow will see a new spirit in the spoiled child. Democracy is learning in a decade more than he learned in the preceding century. In Canada, Conscription is helping with the lesson. We shall soon know what we want and how to get it



The Case At Evelyn Grange

IN THIS SECOND INSTALMENT OF A NOVEL BASED ON THE MYSTERIOUS ROBBERY OF THE LAWDON JEWELS, DR. WENDHAM GIVES THANKS FOR HIS OLD THEORY THAT CRIME IS DISEASE AND THAT SOMEWHERE IN SCIENCE LIES THE REMEDY

By E. W. Grant

Illustrated by Marcel Olis

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALLMENT.—Boyd Wendham, a physician, just returned from several years' study in Vienna, joins a house party at Evelyn Grange. Among the guests is his old sweetheart, Nellie Gaynor, a widow of six months, and a vulgar little parvenu who has recently become one of the set by marrying Charles Lawdon. Mrs. Gaynor tells Wendham that she exists chiefly on her earnings as part owner of a racing stable left her by her husband. Wendham is deeply concerned at her state of health, and more concerned when he learns she is massaging her neuralgic little maid. Mrs. Lawdon shows Alice Rawlins and Nellie Gaynor her jewels—in a novel jewel case made like a hat trunk, with the jewel trays cunningly set in the crowns of Paris hats. That night while all the guests are at bridge downstairs Mrs. Lawdon's jewels are stolen.

III.

ALICE RAWLINS was the first to grasp the situation. "The hat box!" she gasped, her eyes upon the damaged millinery in Mrs. Lawdon's grasp. "It's been opened!"

The victim raised her head with a jerk. "You, you, Alice Rawlins! You know where they were—you!" She sprang erect. "You and Mrs. Gaynor—you were the only people who did know!"

Alice's astonished face flamed scarlet. "Do you dare!"

Mrs. Gaynor turned white to the lips, her great eyes blazed more brilliant than the lost jewels. "Mrs. Lawdon is not quite herself." Her voice, full of fine, high breeding, fell like ice upon Mrs. Lawdon's fevered utterance.

Realizing that she had lost self-control, Mrs. Lawdon struggled for composure, but the magnitude of her loss again overwhelmed her. "You must search—at—once—at once. I want the police—send for the police!"

Mr. Evelyn rang the electric bell. "I will give orders that all the servants be brought to the dining room. We will examine them there. Vreeman," he continued, addressing the butler, "I want everyone of my employees from the garden, house and stables—also the servants of my guests—to assemble at once in the dining room. Permit no one to leave the house or grounds on any pretext!"

The butler bowed, casting a glance of awed inquiry at the excited group before him. As he paused outside the door his trained ear plainly caught Mrs. Lawdon's protests.

"I won't have it. I won't! I want the police. I want detectives! Charlie!" she screamed, "where's Charlie? He'll make you send for the police!"

The slamming of a distant door and the approach of hurried feet announced the men from the billiard room. Charlie Lawdon rushed to his wife's side.

"What's the matter—what's the meaning of this?" he exclaimed.

"Oh, Charlie!" she wailed, "they're gone—all gone!"

"What's gone? he asked, bewildered. Then his eye fell upon the remnants of the picture hat. "Robbed!" he said shortly. "Well, I told you to have paste copies made, didn't I?"

Mrs. Lawdon opened her mouth to answer, but her husband placed a restraining hand upon her shoulder.

"There, little woman, buck up—you're a bit off, of course. Tell us what you know—quiet, now."

Mrs. Lawdon brushed the tears from her eyes. "I owed Mrs. Evelyn eighty at bridge, you know. I—I went to find my purse—I'd hid it—it was my gold mesh one, with the diamond monogram. I'd put it in the same box with the ruby pendant. The key was all right but when I opened the trunk I found my purse lying on the bottom. At first I thought I didn't remember rightly. Then I thought I'd look—and every hat was empty—everyone!"

"Every hat!" exclaimed Mr. Evelyn in mystification.

"My wife had a strong box made like a hat trunk," Mr. Lawdon explained. "Cases, you know, set inside crowns; thought nobody'd ever think of looking there——"

"I know," Mrs. Gaynor interrupted. "Mrs. Lawdon showed them to Alice and me this afternoon. Some one may have watched us."

"One thing is certain," Wendham insisted; "this must have happened between the time Mrs. Lawdon came down before dinner and when she went for her purse. Now, as Mrs. Lawdon came in last, and these ladies and gentlemen have been in her presence ever since, with the exception of those who accompanied Mr. Lawdon to the billiard room, it is safe to say that all these are beyond suspicion."

"Naturally," Mr. Lawdon agreed.

"I suppose so," gasped his wife; "but Charlie, I want the police, too."

"We will question the servants first ourselves." Mr. Evelyn rose with decision.

The whole party adjourned to the

dining room. Frightened faces greeted them with timorous humility. A dozen quickly authenticated alibis reduced the number of suspects. Cooks, butlers, and stablemen were dismissed. The housemaids and personal attendants of the guests remained. Of these three were eliminated, their duties having kept them in other parts of the house or in communication with other servants. A frightened gardener's boy who could give no satisfactory account of himself, the incorruptible Ellen, Mrs. Gaynor's maid Adele, and the second housemaid in charge of the guests' annex remained for more searching examination. The housemaid had been upon that floor, even in and out of all the rooms, as was her duty. She had seen no one, heard no one, and protested her innocence with tears. The gardener's boy at last owned that he had been making love to the cook's assistant through the kitchen window, the damsel reluctantly corroborating his statement. Mrs. Lawdon's maid had left the room the moment her mistress had gone to dinner—the door was unlocked and the window open—for which she bitterly denounced herself. Ellen, nervous and incoherent, confused her statements, which consisted of the simple facts of having put her mistress' room in order and gone below stairs, with wails of contrition at having left the apartment even for a moment. Adele answered without hesitation. She had felt ill. Mrs. Gaynor, who was the soul of kindness, had excused her from her duties, and even insisted on her lying down on the divan, where her neuralgia being relieved, she had fallen asleep, and only awakened when the housemaid had entered. She had then put the room in order and joined the other servants. The housemaid told of finding her asleep on the divan, and Mrs. Gaynor corroborated her first statement, adding, that as the girl was not strong, she often allowed her privileges of the sort.

"The fact remains, however," Mrs. Gaynor added, "that Adele is the only person we find who was in that part of the house for any length of time." She turned to the maid gently, whose honest eyes followed her mistress with adoration. "Were you at all disturbed—did you wake at any time, as if some noise had roused you?"

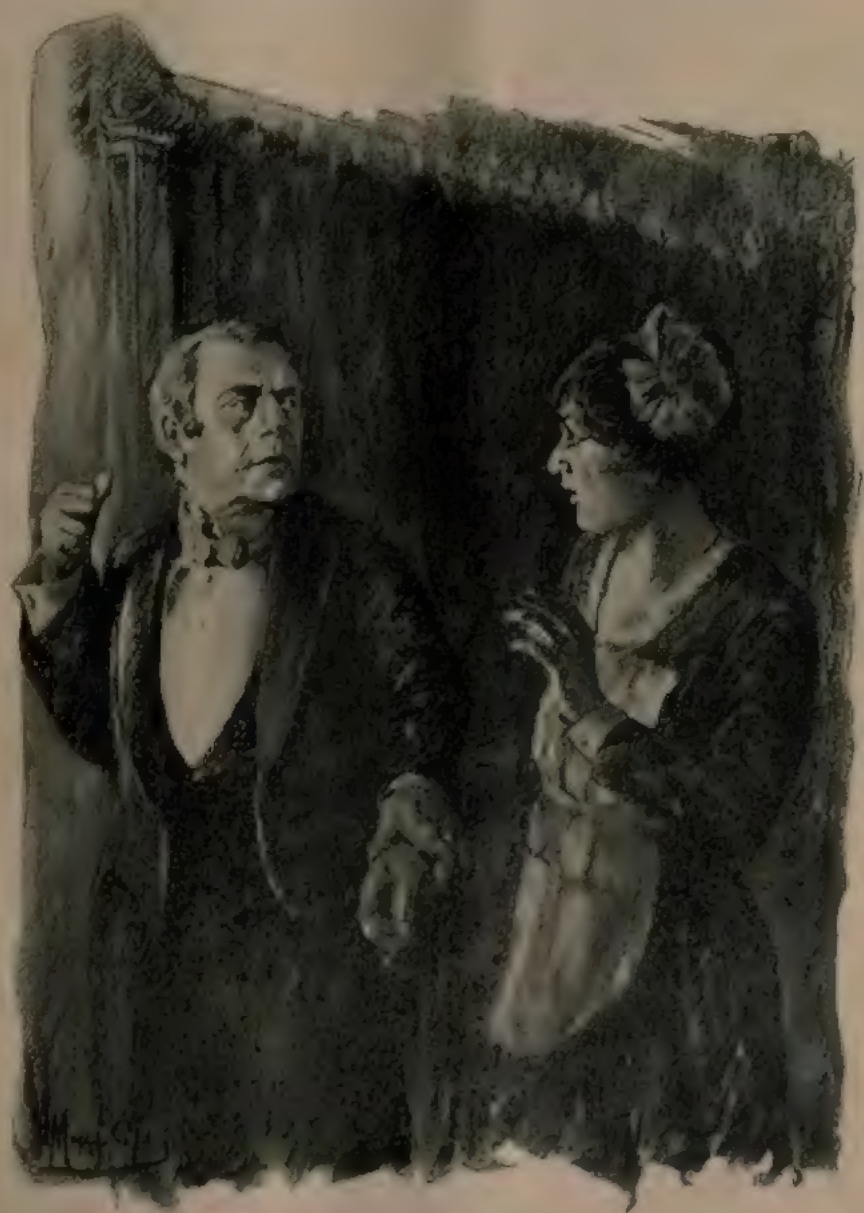
"No, ma'am. I slept sound."

"What time was it," she questioned the housemaid, "when you finished your rounds and you and Adele went downstairs?"

"About ten," said the housemaid warily.

"Then from ten till a quarter of twelve, when Mrs. Lawdon went to her room, there was no one on that floor?"

There was silence.



"I saw you my girl, when you went into that room. I haven't poached, and you divide with me"

"Adele," continued Mrs. Gaynor, "you are on no excuse to leave this house until Mrs. Evelyn gives you permission, and you are to do whatever she wishes. I know you are innocent," she added kindly, "it is only that the right thing must be done."

"Very well, ma'am," said Adele simply.

"They must be searched," said Mrs. Lawdon. "Close the doors, please, and let the men go into the drawing-room."

The women were searched amid tears and wails, Mrs. Evelyn presiding as if such occurrences were an everyday feature of her life, Mrs. Lawdon with frank brutality, and Mrs. Gaynor with pitying anxiety to spare the women's feelings.

Nothing was found. As the last garment was adjusted, Mrs. Lawdon burst into tears of vexation.

"This is all nonsense, all ridiculous," she wailed. "I don't care what you think, I want detectives, and I am going to have them."

Mrs. Evelyn realized the uselessness of protest. "You'll be sorry, but, of course, if you insist, we cannot do otherwise than allow you to take whatever measures you may desire."

"I should think not," sneered Mrs. Lawdon. "It's all very well for the Treadwells and the others to keep close about it, but I notice they don't get their things back, and I mean to have mine—I don't care who gets punished."

"May these women retire now?" asked the hostess coldly. "Are you satisfied that none of your property is upon their persons?"

"I want them kept together and watched—all the time!" demanded Mrs. Lawdon aggressively. "And I want every room in the house searched—now—this minute."

"That is being done," said Mrs. Gaynor. "Mr. Evelyn is attending to that. The search will be thorough, you may be sure.

Mrs. Evelyn rang. "These maids are to be questioned further. You will keep them in the servants' hall until I give further orders. And Vreeman," she continued, "when the detectives come, you are to offer no opposition to whatever they may desire to investigate. You, we, are all under suspicion until the affair can be cleared up."

Under escort of the butler the hysterical suspects were removed, and the ladies returned to the drawing-room. Alice stood before the open fire.

"Well," she said dryly, "when do you wish to go through *me*, Mrs. Lawdon? And Mrs. Gaynor, have you had the X-rays turned on her? We may have swallowed your jewels, you know."

Miss Rawlins's angry sarcasm fell upon unresponsive ears.

"Where's my husband?" Mrs. Lawdon demanded sharply. "*I'm* not going to waste another minute—not one—I want the proper authorities, that's what *I'm* after." A curious servant passed the door. "You, John, go and find Mr. Lawdon. Tell him I want him here at once." The servant disappeared, and Mrs. Lawdon turned with evil triumph upon Mrs. Evelyn. "Now, I'm going to take things in hand, and something's going to happen."

"Rather more than you imagine," said Mrs. Evelyn resignedly. "However, I have nothing more to say. The loss has been yours, it occurred in my house. You *may* act exactly as you see fit."

"I hope you happen to have a photograph of yourself wearing regalia," observed Alice. "It will be a great comfort to the reporters. By the way, Patty? Who do you wish to take charge of the interviews? We will be in a state of siege by to-morrow, and some one must pay exclusive attention to the telephone."

Mr. Lawdon entered hurriedly. "I'm sorry, my dear, but all the rooms have been searched, and——"

His wife cut him short. "Please notify the police at once, and have the best detectives sent down. I don't want a minute lost."

He shot a deprecatory glance at his hostess. That lady was as indifferent as ever. "You may do as you please. We can only assure you of our co-operation. You will have to notify Mineola, I suppose, and get your own people from New York. Not having ever found it necessary to do such a thing before, I can give but little advice."

"Save your breath for interviews," said Alice. "I'm glad I usually look well in a snapshot."

Mrs. Gaynor rose from the deep chair where she had dropped on entering the drawing-room.

"If Mrs. Lawdon will permit, I would like to retire. These scenes have been too much for my strength, I am afraid. But, of course, if you object——"

"You treat me as if it were I who had committed a crime," flamed Mrs. Lawdon. "I'd like to know if you'd lost a fortune like that, if you wouldn't insist on something being done? You haven't the right to—to sneer at me. Of course, you're not interested. *You* didn't lose anything. Don't let me keep you up, please."

Alice turned affectionately to Mrs. Gaynor. "Do go to bed—you're done. If you could see how terribly you look. It's a shame this thing should have come up now."

"Do go," added Mrs. Evelyn. "I'll stay here. With me and Alice as hostages of good faith, Mrs. Lawdon should be satisfied."

Mr. Lawdon presented his arm, his kindly face working with concern and mortification. "Let me help you, Nellie," he said softly. "I'm that sorry—dear me, I'd buy the little girl her kit twice over if she'd only come to her senses. But she's too upset. You'll forgive her, won't you?" he whispered as they reached the door. "She doesn't mean any harm, but she's all upset, and she's a perfect kid, Nellie, a perfect kid."

"Oh, that's all right," she smiled brightly. "We'll all be adjusted in the morning. Good night."

"Good night," he murmured, "good night. Hope they didn't disturb your finery too much in their search. We fine-tooth-combed the whole place without respect to age, sex, or previous condition of servitude. Good night again." He withdrew, and Nellie slowly moved toward the stairs.

Her hand shook as if palsied as she reached for the carved newel post, her knees weakened and she sank upon the lower step, burying her face in her hands, too weak to rise and proceed in the search for her sorely needed rest. After a moment of complete relaxation, she pulled herself together, conscious that the dizziness that numbed her throbbing brain might at any moment gain control. She stood for a moment leaning her whole weight on the balustrade, when a sudden commotion roused all her dormant energies.

Adele's voice rose in hysterical protest. "Madame! Madame! Oh, Madame!" The maid came down the corridor, spied her mistress, and rushed to her as to refuge. Behind her came Wendham. "Oh, Madame!" the girl gasped, "what do you think John—John, the second man, said to me? Oh, ma'am, he nudged up to me and said: 'I saw you, my girl, when you went into that room. Now, I haven't peached, and you divide with me.' That's what he said, ma'am. He accused me, he did, and as God sees me, Mrs. Gaynor, it isn't true. I was asleep there all the time. I was, I was. Oh, you don't believe him, ma'am, you don't—oh, say you don't!"

Mrs. Gaynor swayed, clutching at the banisters. "John says he *saw* you go in?" Her voice was sharp with something more than surprise.

Wendham caught her by the arm and leaning over, gently pushed back the woman's arms that sought to catch and cling to her mistress' knees.

"Don't, my girl—quiet, quiet—calm down now. Don't be frightened." His voice soothed the terrified creature like magic. She raised her head, fixing her tearful eyes upon his. Her tension relaxed suddenly. "John probably thought you did rob Mrs. Lawdon and just took a flyer to see if you'd weaken and divide with him if you had. You must control yourself. Mrs. Gaynor believes in you, I know she does. Be calm now." His eyes held hers as if fascinated. Slowly she drooped forward.

"Come, come," Mrs. Gaynor's voice broke in. "Adele, what nonsense. You mustn't allow people to frighten you like that. It's just as the doctor says. Of course, we know you're innocent. Go back and stay with the others, since Mrs. Lawdon wishes it."

The girl rubbed her hand across her eyes and rose unsteadily. "Yes'm," she said. "Please excuse me, I was all took back."

"It's all right, Adele." Mrs. Gaynor's voice had regained its former gentleness. "Go back, and don't run away like that again. If anything more is said, insist on seeing me. Good night."

The servant turned and went slowly away.

"Nellie," said Wendham slowly, "for Heaven's sake go to your room before anything more happens! I cannot bear to see you in this condition. It breaks my heart." He raised her unresisting hand to his lips. "Come, dear, come."

With his help she mounted the easy stairs and crossed the hallway to her room. At the door she paused and turned to him.

"I'm not worth your kindness, really, I'm not. Oh!" she cried passionately, "I wish I were dead, I wish I were dead!—but I haven't the courage. Good night, and thank you."

IV.

THE troubled household was at last at rest, but Wendham found sleep impossible. He descended to the library where Evelyn, clad in bath robe and pyjamas joined him a few minutes later. "It's no use Wendham, I can't get to sleep," said Evelyn as he sank into a chair.

"What did she say—what did the woman say?" interrupted Evelyn, eagerly

"Let's sit it out, Cass," Wendham suggested. Mr. Evelyn jumped at the invitation. "A nightcap and a chat—I need soothing." Settling themselves in easy-chairs before the fire, they remained silent, each deep in thought.

Evelyn spoke suddenly. "I've got one piece of news for you, Boyd—and I'm sorry it's—what it is!"

Wendham looked up anxiously. His host recrossed his legs. "I learned something a little while ago. You remember when Vreeman called me to the door? Well, John, the second man, wanted to see me; said he had something to say; excused himself for not speaking before, but he hated to peach on a fellow worker—and all that sort of rot. Upshot of it was, he says he saw Adele, Mrs. Gaynor's maid, come out of the Lawdons' room when we were all at dinner, and before Mary came up to prepare the rooms. Direct contradiction of what *she* says, you see."

The scene in the hall when the incensed maid had flown to her beloved mistress with her story came clearly before Wendham. That the girl was truly and frankly resentful was evident; that she spoke in all simpleness of soul had been equally obvious. This story, then, what was it? Had the man, knowing that his intended victim had at once told of the whole encounter, deemed it safer for himself to seek equal publicity and stick to the story? It seemed so, and yet, might not this be part of an oversubtle scheme to divert attention from himself! Wendham's reverie lasted so long that Evelyn was annoyed.

"You don't seem interested in my latest information," he said at length.

The physicain started. "I wonder—I wonder—" again he was lost in thought. "Do you know," he said suddenly, "I'd question that man very carefully. Have him here." He glanced at the clock. "It's very late, never mind," he added.

"What's the odds?" said Evelyn. "He and Vreeman are sitting up guarding the suspects, at Mrs. Lawdon's request." He rang. "Send John here," he ordered as the butler appeared.

A moment later the valet entered the room. His face was sullen and determined.

"Yes, sir, I'm here, sir."

"John," ordered Evelyn, "tell Dr. Wendham what you told me."

"Yes, sir, certainly, sir. I came up with the ice-water trays, sir, about nine, as it might be, and Mrs. Gaynor's young woman, Adele, sir, was just leaving Mrs. Lawdon's room. She crossed ahead of me. 'Good evenin', says I. She goes right on as if I wasn't there. 'What's your grouch?' says I; but she'd gone down the corridor."

"How far away were you?" inquired Wendham.

"Oh, quite the length of the hall, sir, and the lights were low, only the far electroliers being lit, sir. But I couldn't be mistaken, no, sir."

"Could anyone have impersonated her walk, do you think?"

The man shook his head emphatically

"No? Well, tell me and your employer here, what did you mean by going to her and telling her you'd seen her, and that if she'd divide you'd keep quiet?"

Evelyn, who knew nothing of these developments, sat up suddenly with an exclamation of surprise. The valet reddened, but was evidently prepared for the question.

"I was hopin' to get a confession,' sir," he answered glibly. "Then I'd a had the whole thing in me hand, and no doubt Mr. Lawdon would have rewarded—you understand, I'm not graspin', sir, but I thought as if detectives and police were comin'——"

"What did she say—what did the woman say?" interrupted Evelyn eagerly,

Continued on page 221.

WASN'T it "Peg-for-Short" who replied to her adorer's remark, "You are a woman, therefore unique," with the delicious Irishism, "But you must admit, darlint, I'm uniquer than the others?"

A distinctly Canadian book strikes us, as a rule, as being unique. When we think of American writers and their wild West stories, all more-or-less alike; dozens of tales of New York—all with a striking family resemblance; when we think of the sameness of the innumerable chronicles of the South and Southerners; a Canadian story is strikingly individual; but "Kleath," by Madge Macbeth, (Small, Maynard and Company, Boston), seems even "uniquer than the others."

"Kleath" is an absorbing, and withal a convincing story, laid in the frozen North that Robert W. Service has made live for all Canadians. The plot of Mrs. Macbeth's book is a dramatic intermixture of comedy and tragedy; it is full of surprises. But it is in the drawing of living characters that she excels.

Occasionally the author sacrifices the sincerity of a situation to the production of Bayard Veiller drama. For example I quote the following paragraph:

"Go home to your virtuous loneliness, to your gloomy morality, but remember, Christopher Kleath, what I say—some day you will kiss me of your own free will, and my lips under yours will be as cold and unresponsive as yours are now. Some day you will be obliged to hold your love in leash as you ask me to hold mine, and God pity you—if you really are a man. Now, go, you—you—Puritanical jellyfish!"

It is true that the "puritanical jellyfish" kisses her when she lies dead, "cold and unresponsive"; but it is with disgust that he kisses her and at the request of her sorrowing husband—not "of his own free will," but only, in his pity, to give conviction to Friend-Husband's loving idea that his "vampiric" wife was reverenced and loved of all men!

On the other hand, Madge Macbeth's characters are wonderfully human: frail "Tiny Tess," who "sacrificed her life to her idea of repentance"; "Goldie," wise little woman with the heart of a child; "Tim Meadows," her adoring Dad—"a clean-shaven man—once a week"; "Diamond Tooth Lizzie," whose lover's betrothal gift was her weight in gold dust—weighed on the bank scales with great ceremony, while all Dawson stood by and cheered; "Kleath" himself, loyal, honorable, a prince among men, who yet drew from "Lizzie" the exclamation, "Gee! I bet that boy's mother just adored him!"

But to my way of thinking, it is "Barney McCool" Irishman, who has been painted by Madge Macbeth, artist, with the most tender touch, in the most beautiful colors of all. If I had the space, I would like to quote a few of his thrilling, side-splitting, and without-the-bounds-of belief tales of adventures in the four quarters of the globe. His one lapse from fiction, in which he tells "Goldie" of his little Irish Mother, of blessed memory, is written so sincerely, with so tender and delicate a touch, that it will bring tears to the eyes of the most unemotional reader.

"Barney's" passionate loyalty to those he loves, is, perhaps the biggest thing in the book.

"Kleath" was first published, in *Canada Monthly;* and, while it is a story of that faraway Yukon, the universality of Mrs. Macbeth's types, make the characters live; and the artistry of her descriptions makes the great North a very real country inhabited by very real Canadians.

The Pedlar's Message

I, the Pedlar, tramp the brown road that leads to
To-morrow—
I tramp cheerily in the sunshine:
I approach your flower garden:
My heart leaps with the beauty of your blossoms!
The breeze carries their fragrance to me as I greet
you, and offer my wares:
Not because they are worthy of your acceptance,
do I offer them;—
But because they are the best thing I have to offer.
I, the Pedlar, offer you the small wisdom that is
conceived of sad days and glad, on the brown
road;
Fantastic memories of Pan's piping in green woods;
Dreams of sunsets-to-be over yonder green hills,
Of dark storms, and of the glad rainbow at whose
foot love hid a pot of gold.
'Tis the humble pack of a humble Pedlar.
Will you open the gate of your flower garden to the
Pedlar?

—"*RAGGS.*"

THEY do say—the New York papers do say—that Emma Goldman, ANARCHIST, is "subdued!" I don't believe it. I think the lady is biding her time, and planning fresh divilment! I think it suits her plans to appear "subdued!" I saw her once—"could 'a' touched 'er"—and she struck me as being unusually unsubduable, even for an anarchist!

I remember two things only about that meeting, where she held forth: I—"The world owes you a living—COLLECT IT!" II—The smell! The first interested me strangely. I had *earned* a living quite cheerfully for several years; but there was something in that "collect it," that bespoke a more adventurous existence than mine. I promptly had visions of using my type-

writer to stun a millionaire strolling down to the bank to make a hefty deposit; instead of prosaically tick-ticking out daily bread and boots and opera tickets on its friendly keys.

Miss Marion Long
A Canadian Artist whose work is attracting much attention

The second—the "smell", you remember—overwhelmed me. A reporter-pal remarked, "It does no good to hold your nose: it gets in your eyes and blinds you!"

I have never perused the "Anarchists' Text Book and Etiquettarian;" but I am sure that James Stephens had been poring over its pages when he wrote the words of the philosopher in his "Crock of Gold:" "The first person who washed was possibly a person seeking a cheap notoriety. Any fool can wash himself, but every wise man knows that it is an unnecessary labor, for Nature will quickly reduce him to a natural and healthy dirtiness again. We should seek, therefore, not how to make ourselves clean, but how to attain a more unique and splendid dirtiness, and perhaps the accumulated layers of matter might, by ordinary geologic compulsion, become incorporated with the human cuticle and so render clothing unnec[illegible]

There was an *outdoor* meeting of anarchists that I would have liked [illegible] to have participated in, recently [illegible] in Madison Square, New York. Miss Goldman was to have been the principal speaker, but she didn't appear—was being bailed out, or bailing someone out, or something of the sort the papers said. The Square became a sort of Midway. Everybody made speeches. I'm sure that I would have felt it a Heaven-sent opportunity, had I been there—a "madding throng" out for "ignoble strife" and the chief strife-maker conferring afar with the police! So an atheist blasphemed enthusiastically to one group; a patent medicine man drove a thriving trade farther along; an anti-conscriptionist "spressified" himself with such abandon that he was gathered in by the police and a woman pacifist treated her [illegible] and another group to such a wild orgy of emotion that she ended in violent hysterics and was carried off to a hospital!

The richest joke, though, was the speech of an unknown girl who was surrounded by the largest group of all, as she pitched into the anarchists, hammer-and-tongs, for a full half-hour, telling them, in good plain English just how useless they were to themselves and the world. Can't you see it? Three thousand followers of the red flag, in the open square, fenced in by sky scrapers—all of the creatures looking for trouble, and a girl that they had never seen before—and probably hoped they'd never see again—hall ragging them at their own meeting [illegible]

I received a New York Times from a jocular friend, with a report of the meeting; and opposite the paragraph dealing with the speech of this particular girl, there were pencilled the words, "Didn't know you'd been in town!"

THEODORE ROBERTS, movie star with the Lasky Company of Hollywood, California, and erstwhile leading character actor with the New Theatre, New York, has tramped many a sunshiny mile on the brown road with your Pedlar friend. Sometimes the road led through the greenness of Central Park in Springtime; sometimes up Broadway in a blizzard; but always, where the Big Man was, there also was Sunshine.

The Gold Fish Bowl
From the painting by Marion Long to be exhibited at the Toronto Exhibition this year

Theodore Roberts
One of many movie stars who are learning a soldier's duties

"The Big Man," his familiars call him—if you knew him, instead of just seeing him once a week or so in the movies, you wouldn't ask why? Everything about Theodore Roberts is big—his six feet of healthy manhood, his vigorous, inspiring personality, his Art—with a capital A! It is characteristic of the man that his work in the movies is as artistic as his "Portugais," when he starred in New York in "The Right of Way."

Theodore Roberts has passed the age for military service, but—as he writes from California—he drills two evenings a week with the National Guard. With a whimsical appreciation of the humor of the thing, he tells of movie stars and numberless lesser constellations at the Lasky Studios forming a Red Cross Society in which they are so keenly interested that their work seems of small moment. He describes madly-knitting heroine-girls, grand dames, villainesses, and stage mothers, who seem to resent, as unforgivable interruptions in the serious business of life, the summons of heartless stage directors!

Of course the boys have all registered," he says; "and as most of them [illegible] young and unmarried, they'll go through with the first draft." O Movie Fans! Can you exist without your Francis X. Bushmans? Are your beautiful movie heroes of the future to be, perhaps, a little bald on the top? As for me it will be Charlie Chaplin who going will break my spirit [illegible] heart! Prince of Clowns! May

Continued on pa[illegible]

A Box of Candy

By Gene MacLean

Illustrated by Magniel Wright Enright

THE afternoon sun, shining behind a clump of maples, laid a shifting golden arabesque upon the schoolroom floor. The open windows admitted a breath of warm September, and from the deserted playground came the noisy chirping of a robins' quarrel. Forty children, beguiled by the pleasant out-of-doors, squirmed in their seats as they watched the old clock on the wall before them. Its hands seemed to move with increasing languor as they crept along toward half-past three, dawdling at the minute marks, oblivious of the fact that there was still half an hour of school.

Miss Meaney stood at the rear of the class, erect and observant. She held her ruler poised at a level with her shoulder, and there was stern disapproval in her eye. The hum of disorder was rising to a roar.

Whack!

The ruler came down resoundingly upon the window sill. The children started, and hastily bowed their heads over the open geographies on the desks. A chorused "ssp-ss-pss-ss-ss-ssp" arose in evidence that the class had returned to the pursuit of knowledge. The teacher permitted herself a grim smile, but did not unknit her brows.

Halfway up the room a small boy was sitting, his chin resting in his hand and his gaze evidently directed to a spot above and beyond the book that lay at his elbow.

"Philip!" said Miss Meaney sharply.

The boy slowly disentangled his legs from the supports of the desk and arose to his feet.

"Philip," accused the teacher, "you are loafing! You know you are!"

The boy nodded vacant assent, and waited a moment for further comment. There was none, and he resumed his seat to an accompaniment of titters from his classmates. A picture of a jungle, labeled "Africa," was on the page before him, flanked by a column of questions. He fixed his eyes with an effort upon the first interrogation in the list.

"To what two races do the inhabitants of Africa belong?" it said.

He stared at the words blankly. They suggested nothing to his mind.

"To what two—what two—" he murmured mechanically, "what two

His attention wandered from the book to the idling clock upon the wall. A music chart rustled in the breeze near a window, and the sound attracted his gaze in that direction momentarily. At last he turned to look again at the girl who sat up the aisle three seats before him and whom he had watched all the afternoon.

Her brown hair was done up in two long braids that ended in rebellious curls. There were ringlets, too, above her ears, and a strand of hair hung across her cheek. She was wearing a plaid dress, her third in three brief days of school, he noted. Other girls in Crayville were content to come in serviceable frocks of dark blue and brown, but among them a change of garments was a bit of an event. This new girl had worn white the first day and pink on Tuesday.

Her appearance in the room had marked an epoch in his life. He had come into the sixth grade the leader of his class, and in the three days that had elapsed he had glided, resistless, to the foot. He took a sort of pride in his record as he reviewed it, for he felt that it was a tribute to her. The only reason for the utter failure that had marked all his lessons was that his whole being was absorbed in adoration of the new divinity; he had no time for books.

The girl lifted her hand to brush back the lock of hair that fell upon her cheek. She lightly touched the bow of ribbon at the back of her head, and redisposed her skirts with a little shake. Philip watched intently.

He was unconscious of the presence of Miss Meaney at his side. She had come from the rear of the room, and even as he breathed a sentimental [illegible] closed the geography with a [illegible]

"You may go into the hall, young man!" said she.

Her tone was at the chill level of absolute finality.

"Remain there until I send for you, sir," she concluded.

The boy silently gathered his geography under his arm and [illegible] toward the door. As he [illegible] gloom of the hallway he shot a furtive glance at the little girl in the plaid dress. She alone of all the class was not [illegible] gling, and her blue eyes met his in a look of immeasurable sympathy.

His face glowed as he thrust the book under a steam radiator in a dark [illegible] of the hall. He hastily retrieved his cap from the floor of the cloakroom, and tiptoed down the hall to the big door. The trip through the school yard was made at top speed, and he panting when he reached [illegible] a near-by alley.

He leaned against a tree to recover his breath.

"Miss Meaney can't lick me, anyhow [illegible] allowed to lick this year.'

Three blocks up the street was the village post office. The boys of [illegible] clan would gather there as soon school was out to review the [illegible] the day, and to watch the progress of trade in the business centre of Crayville. It was far too early to go home and he felt the need of [illegible] He slowly put himself under way toward the gathering place, to be earliest on the scene.

The post office was an old brick building which at some period in the distant past had been painted gray. An imaginative decorator had drawn black streaks upon the surface in a rectangular pattern to create an illusion of stonework. A rickety flight of steps ascended the side wall to the rooms where the postmaster dwelt, and a row of [illegible] boxes was ranged on the sidewalk beneath to make room in front of the neighboring dry-goods store.

Philip climbed on the top of the

largest box and settled himself for a period of leisure.

Farmers were untying their teams from the hitching posts, preparatory to taking their homeward way. One of them, in the muddy street, was tugging at the head of an aged horse, endeavoring to stir it from an overwhelming lassitude. Another, who stood on the curbstone, was jeering at the effort. This man had just come from Crayville's lone saloon across the way, and Philip regarded him with deep interest. Rather to the boy's disappointment he failed to lurch into the gutter in the manner so vividly described by temperance lecturers who came to the village. Instead, he sauntered into the street and set the horse in motion by the simple process of twisting its tail.

The county judge was sitting on the courthouse steps, diagonally across the street.

"Good boy, Bill," he yelled to the successful horse starter.

Philip was amazed that a judge would address in public a man who had been in a saloon. No minister in town would do so, he was convinced.

Further reflection was stopped by the appearance of a surging mob of children down the street, giving witness that school was dismissed. He identified Petey Martin and Louie Born and Scrubby Willifer in the vanguard, and little Peggy Toover behind them, vainly trying to catch up.

"You'll catch it!" cried Petey, coming within hailing distance.

"Teacher had a fit when she found out you had gone," supplemented Louie Born.

The boys found seats upon the boxes and proceeded to dilate at length upon the amazement and wrath of Miss Meaney when she found the culprit had departed.

"I expect she'll send you to the sup'intendent to be licked," conjectured Peggy Toover, his freckled face alight with the thought.

"Wasn't you afraid?" asked Louie Born with respect.

"Naw," said Philip. "That wasn't anything. There's lots worse things I'd do than that."

He was pleased to find himself the object of general esteem. He had introduced a new and startling variation in the art of playing truant, and the lustre of his achievement lost nothing from the description that he gave, with many additions to the fact.

"Old Meaney's been laying for me ever since I come into her room," he added mysteriously. "I guess probably she's got reasons."

He declined to go further into the matter of this plot against his welfare.

"Old Meaney can't boss me around," he stated. "That's all I got to say."

His mother undressed him and tenderly tucked him in bed

He descended from his box and marched up and down before the other boys. His thumbs were hooked in the places where the armholes of his vest would have been had he worn a vest, and his chin was carried high.

"Oh, Loue!" he said, stopping suddenly.

"Huh?" said Louie Born.

"Come here a minute."

Philip moved a few paces down the street, Louie obediently following after.

The Born boy was thin and sallow and he wore his black hair pasted sleekly against his head. His hands yielded to the prevailing prejudice against soap and water, but his face and raiment were cleanly beyond the comprehension of other Clayville youth. He was the Beau Brummel of his set. He was believed to be high in the graces and wise in the best methods of dealing with them. He was often seen speaking with them, even in public places, and it was said that he had been to call on Milly James.

"Say, Louie," said Philip, "if a fellow now, wants to go and call on a girl, do he ask her first?"

Louie contemplated for a time.

"Do you know her?" he inquired at length.

"Oh, it ain't me. Philip started to explain. "I [illegible] know."

"Oh," said the student of social forms. "Well, if he knows the girl, he asks her first before he goes to see her. But don't know her, of course he goes around to her house and gets acquainted that way. Who is the fellow?"

"He? Why, he's—he's a fellow I went to sometimes," lied Philip. "In Cincinnati he lives now. He wanted to know."

"That's where the [illegible] room comes from," commented Louie.

Philip responded with a vivid blush and, mumbling an excuse, left.

He cut his supper short that night

and retired to his room to spend an hour in adjusting his hair and applying a coat of blacking to the toes of his shoes. It occurred to him to ask for the use of his Sunday suit, but the thought that this would lead to embarrassing questions caused the abandonment of the idea. He did put on his Sunday hat and appropriated as an adornment the heavy gold watch chain that his father always left in a bureau drawer.

Slipping out the back door, he sped around the corner to Washington Street, a square away. All was well until he reached the brick house where the new girl lived. There, as he essayed to mount the steps, he felt himself caught by an invisible anchor that held him helpless, unable to proceed. Four times he mustered up his courage, and tried to go in. His feet declined to carry him forward. His heart, in sympathetic rebellion, throbbed heavily, and he leaned against a sapling on the lawn to recover his suddenly shortened breath.

Somebody in the house was playing upon a piano and instinct told him that it was she. He saw himself in imagination standing beside that piano, gracefully turning the sheets of music and engaged in sprightly conversation. He remembered her earnest attention when he read aloud in school the day before, and he reflected that if once he could get inside she might invite him to read to her. This done, they would probably look at pictures—his heart thumped again when he thought of the curls about her ear and the possibility that they might by accident brush his cheek.

He pondered irresolutely for a time, and then attempted again to scale the porch. This time he almost succeeded. His foot was on the topmost step when it flashed upon him that she doubtless would open the door for him in person. He turned and fled, not stopping until he had attained the street. Perspiration stood beaded on his brow, and he mopped it off with a corner of his coat.

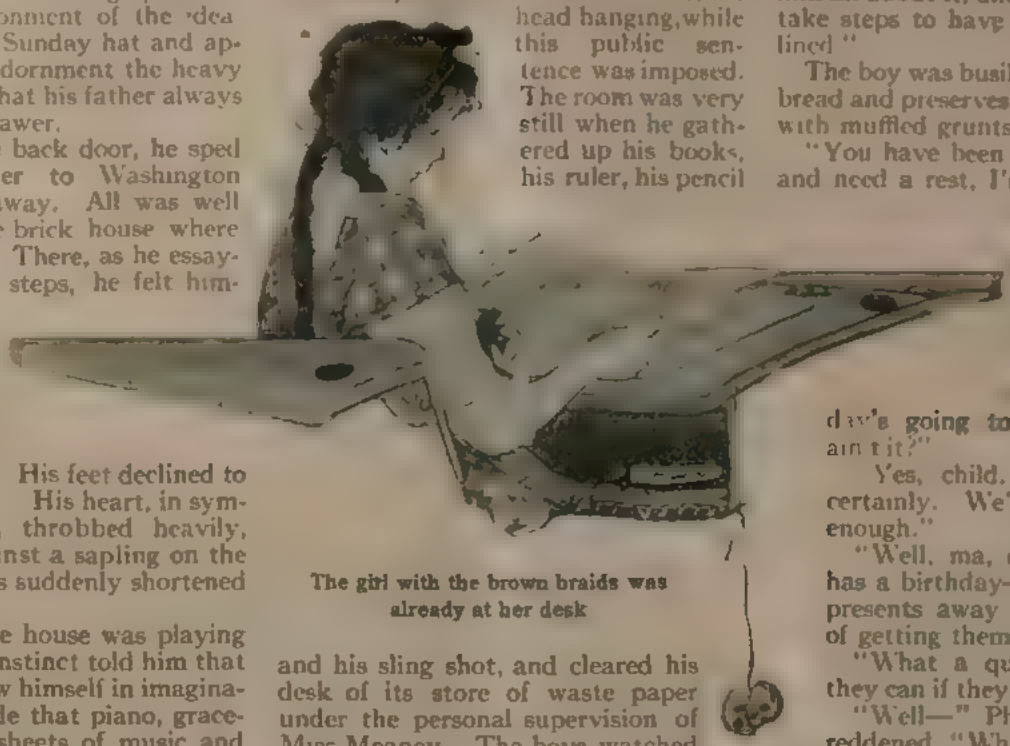
At this moment a bustle and clatter arose across the way. Philip looked and beheld the form of Louie Born, illumined by the light from an open door. It was the home of Milly James and Louie was entering with an elaborate bow. The light vanished. Louie was inside.

Philip groaned aloud as he started slowly homeward. Not for him was the debonair assurance of Louie Born. The glad greetings that were showered upon Louie everywhere were denied him, and the social graces that he felt were concealed in his bosom must forever stay there, imprisoned. He crept into the house by the back way and retired at once to unhappy dreams.

The following day Philip was suspended from school.

"You may tell your father," Miss Meaney said impressively, "that you may not return until Monday."

The culprit stood before his class, his head hanging, while this public sentence was imposed. The room was very still when he gathered up his books, his ruler, his pencil and his sling shot, and cleared his desk of its store of waste paper under the personal supervision of Miss Meaney. The boys watched him to note any symptoms of collapse and tears. Two or three of the girls cried, but this afforded him little satisfaction. These same girls always cried when anything untoward happened. When he had done, he strode, very erect, into the hall, and as a parting defiance slammed the door.



The girl with the brown braids was already at her desk

A few minutes later he stalked into his home, and gloomily laid his outfit upon a chair. His mother looked up from the low stool where she sat darning.

"Why, Philip, dear!" she said a worried line appearing in her brow. "Are you ill?"

"I've been suspended," said Philip abruptly.

The mother hurriedly arose, dropping her lapful of stockings on the floor, and stood before him, her hand upon his coat sleeve.

"Was there—did anybody—just tell me about it, if you can," she said, her lips trembling at the corners.

Her face cleared, though, as the boy stumbled through his tale. He related the episode in full, except for that portion having to do with the little girl in plaid.

"Well!" said his mother at the end. "Philip, I always feared that teacher would cause you trouble! I thought when I first saw her that she had a very unpleasant face."

She bustled about the kitchen for a brief time, and produced a dish of preserves, a loaf of bread with raisins im-

"Now, you eat this, and I'm sure you'll feel better, dear," she said. "When your father comes home I'll tell him all about it, and very likely he will take steps to have the teacher disciplined."

The boy was busily stowing away the bread and preserves, and answered only with muffled grunts.

"You have been working [illegible] and need a rest, I'm sure."

[illegible]

and wiped his mouth on the back of his hand.

[illegible]

day's going to be my birthday, ain't it?"

Yes, child. You know that, certainly. We've talked about it enough."

"Well, ma, does anybody that has a birthday—do they ever give presents away themselves instead of getting them?"

"What a question! I suppose they can if they care to. Why?"

"Well—" Philip hesitated, and reddened. "What I was wondering was, if I got a job and made some money while I'm out of school, could I buy a present with it?"

The mother ran her fingers through his tousled hair.

"Certainly, dear," she said affectionately. "If you want to give a little remembrance to your papa or me, or to any of your little schoolmates, you may do it."

He wasted no time in further parley but went away at once.

On the main street of the village, directly across from the post office, the Gem Candy Kitchen exhibited delicacies for sale. Each grocery store in Crayville possessed a small glass [illegible] in which peppermints, "sour drops" and dubious chocolates were displayed, but only the Gem Candy Kitchen offered sweets in boxes tied with gold cord for the fastidious. Children coming from school were accustomed to compress their noses against the window glass to inspect the treasures on view within, and for this reason the windows owned a semi-opaque streak running clear across the two big panes and illustrating the various heights to which the noses of school children may rise.

Philip halted before this treasure house and entered upon a study of its contents. As he stood in contemplation, the fat proprietor set a new enticement in his window. It was an ornate box with a beautiful flowers on it and more than the usual quantity of gold cord. A slip of paper was

attached, with the following legend:

"These Elegant Paris Bon Bons, 75c."

The boy gazed long and wistfully. No boy in Crayville ever had possessed such a marvel, to his knowledge Neither had any of the girls, he concluded. It was the custom at Christmas time for parents to bestow copious supplies of candy of the jaw-breaker variety upon their offspring, and most of the children had pennies, or even a nickel now and then, to expend for licorice and peppermints. These Paris Bon Bons, however, were something beyond childhood's wildest dreams.

There was the light of a great resolve in his eye when he turned away. A furniture and undertaking establishment was immediately next door, and with determined step he marched inside. During his interview with the proprietor he kept his head averted from that portion of the stock in trade that stood on trestles in the rear, and had shiny silver handles. He was even a little glad when he was informed that no boy was needed there. Those coffins had a grisly look

He fared no better at the dry-goods store, nor in the Crayville Shoe Emporium. The demand for small boys was practically non-existent, he was told. As a last resort, he headed for Wamley's grocery store. Wamley sold flour and vegetables and other supplies to Philip's mother, and he might be influenced by a threatened withdrawal of trade to offer employment to the son.

The menace, however, was not needed. Wamley bade him welcome with unfeigned delight. He explained that though Philip was clearly not good for much he would do to fill the place of the boy who had deserted that very morning, and that he might work until abler help could be secured. He immediately loaded a basket of potatoes into Philip's arms, and ordered him to begin assorting them.

A tired, dishevelled and very dirty small boy returned home that night, and sank limply into a chair. A streak of flour adorned his coat, and a crushed tomato lent gay color to his streaked shirt front. His trousers were torn and a long scratch crossed his cheek.

His mother uplifted her hands in horror

"Philip!" she exclaimed. "Whatever is the matter? Where have you been?"

"I got a job," said Philip. "I got a job at Wamley's."

"What do you mean, young man, by remaining away from your lunch?" demanded his father sternly

The mother rushed at once to her boy's defense

"Do let the poor child be," she said. "He is utterly exhausted. He needs his dinner, as soon as I can wash him up."

Mrs. Tuttle, somewhat restored,

He gasped and gulped at the sweet-faced little girl who appeared before him

Philip recounted his adventures. He was relieved to find that his father had no comment to make on his suspension from school and in recognition of this tacit forgiveness he opened the recital with his engagement by Wamley, omitting mention of his earlier trials and disappointment

The philanthropic grocer had employed him as assistant at the rate of twenty-five cents a day, he explained The job consisted in cleansing the floor and show cases as often as required, moving lighter articles about the store, picking out decayed vegetables and throwing them away, polishing apples on his coat sleeve and piling them neatly and rendering himself useful in divers other ways

"And Saturday night, when I get through," he concluded, "I get seventy-five cents, right down in hard cash. He said so."

"Looks like pretty slim pay for all that work," observed his father. "That shirt you've spoiled is worth more than that, let alone your suit."

"I can wear it to do chores in around the house," defended Philip

"I guess," said the father, "that it won't suffer much further by the chores you do. I've carried in the coal myself all week."

Philip avoided reply by filling his mouth with pudding. His eyes were already blinking drowsily, and before the meal was over he had fallen fast asleep in his chair. His father carried him to bed, where the mother undressed him and tenderly tucked him in.

Friday and Saturday were exceeding long. With aching back and trembling limbs Philip tumbled boxes of oranges and lemons in and out of the store, prying with hatchet and chisel at crates that

Continued on page 220.

WHAT "IMMORTAL" MEANS.

IT is a lamentable fact that to many readers, especially the young, the knowledge that a certain book is immortal is no recommendation of it. They feel that they will be bored if they read it, and so arises the cynical description of a number of great books —those that every one has heard about and nobody reads. The reason, probably, is to be found in the meaning we attach to the word "immortal." We are told that Shakespeare is immortal, for instance, and we interpret this to mean that Shakespeare will always live. But the fact that a poem or a story or a play written a couple of hundred years ago is likely to go on living for another couple of hundred years is unimportant beside the fact that it is living now. Thus Shakespeare is as fresh today as when the matchless plays were written. Let anyone pick up "Henry VIII.," for instance, and read the conversation of the London citizens who are watching the wedding procession of Anne Boleyn. Then let him stand on a street corner and watch a 20th Century procession, and listen to the chat that goes on around him. He may be astonished to find that men talked and thought in the days of Henry pretty much as men talk and think to-day. Afterwards he is likely to give a broader interpretation to the word "immortal."

CANADIAN HABITS.

AFTER a sojourn in polished England the Canadian returning to Canada is sometimes shocked by the vulgarity of his native country. What is done smoothly and easily in the Old World is done boisterously and roughly here. What is graceful and quiet mannered in England is as likely as not to be self-conscious and noisy here. It is no sign of effeminacy or weakness to prefer Old World ways to New World ways; but neither is this vulgarity in our country anything to be ashamed of. In the first place it is a sign that we are developing our own kind of life. In the second place it is a mark of the inherent vigor and virility of our western world. We may be materialists but we are not as sensual as old world folk We may seem self-conscious but we are really not half as egotistical as Europeans. We may not produce that rare and admirable specimen of the human kind—the public spirited aristocrat Yet we may safely boast a higher general average of intelligence and well-being. If it were not for people of our sort the world would suffer from ingrown energy. The intricate urbanities of Old World learning, the squandering of energy on ineffable differences in scholarly points of view—these are rendered less harmful by the existence of our crude but energetic banalities. Let no one under-estimate the value of what Europe has given us. But let us not forget that our Canadian habits are wholesome and tend to keep the world sincere and practical.

AN INDIAN'S APPEAL.

AT a patriotic meeting in New York recently, the words of Red Fox James, a Blackfoot Indian, aroused the audience to enthusiastic cheers. The passionate fervor of his poetic utterances give proof of a loyalty that is no meaningless, flag-waving thing, but the deep love of a country that was the land of the Indian before the white man brought civilization, with its attendant humiliation to the redskin "From all over the West," he said, "we stand ready to spring to the saddle We stand ready to protect the 1400 miles of border between the United States and Mexico—fifty thousand men who know a horse as no white man ever knew it; fifty thousand men who can live where no white man has ever lived; fifty thousand Indians who, when their hearts are in a cause, as our hearts are in this cause, will die for it! Call us to arms! Let us guard and fight for our country!" It speaks well for American justice to the Indian, that she has set the music of the Indian battle songs to such words as, "This is my own, my native land!"

MR. BEER AND FISH

EVERYONE should try to help G. Frank Beer in his new work. He is the public-spirited citizen who has undertaken a branch of the work of the Food Controller, Mr. Hanna. On Hanna's behalf Beer is to attempt to make us eat fish. He is assailing our long-established prejudice against this article of diet. He proposes to make us yearn for salmon steaks instead of beef, and grilled trout in place of mutton. Of course the people on our two coasts have not far to go in this matter. The maritime province Canadian who travels into central Canada, or across the plains, is continually bemoaning the absence of good fish from among the items on the menu. But the central Canadian pays no attention. Fish is a food that requires not only skill but fortitude on the part of the kitchen staff. It does not always reach our side-doors in the best of condition and on top of that there is always the risk of untutored cooking. Mr. Beer must do something to improve the shipping facilities for sea and lake fish to our inland towns. He must break down our lurking suspicion that these fish are "old" simply because they have come a long way. Then, we suggest, he should take steps to have our kitchen assistants educated in the art of preparing the little swimmers. No one is going to eat fish out of a mere sense of duty to the Empire. The palate knows no patriotism.

SHOCKING SAINT PAUL.

THE Anglican synod of the Diocese of Huron has decided to admit women to its vestries, thus ending, by an almost unanimous vote, an agitation of years. And in Winnipeg, recently, a certain Mrs. Hamilton, public-spirited student of social and political reform, spoke, on "the intelligent use

of the [illegible] from the Church of England [illegible] St. Paul's for [illegible] a wonderful capacity for [illegible], such a genius for organization only in their activities in aid [illegible] but in keeping animatedly alive various societies connected with the church, and consequently the church itself; that their having no voice in church policy has always been to the most conservative woman a positive injustice. However, we judge that many male Anglicans will be shocked to the deepest depths of their conservative souls at the bare idea of a woman in the pulpit; and, speaking on a secular subject at that. They will quote vaguely, and more-or-less correctly, various St. Paulisms; and expect people, especially the women of their own immediate families, to be convinced. But after all, a member of the sex doomed to wear skirts, may have as great and Christian a message to deliver, as one of the sex glorified by trousers: and the church will, perhaps, come into closer touch with the home, if laws for the home's protection be received within her doors.

KEEP OFF THE GRASS.

THE London Times, in recent "Finance After the War" articles, has been writing of schemes that, in the light of colonial history, do not look together good to democratic colonials! It is altogether too reminiscent of the Rhodesian conception of colonization. Indeed the New Empire Resources Development Company came into being in the offices of the Rhodes Trust, and its chairman is Sir Starr Jamieson, president of the Rhodesian Chartered Company. The idea is to promote the vast undertaking of developing colonial property under the shelter of a state monopoly. The Evening Post of New York comments on the situation in these words: "This plan destroys the principle [illegible] British relationship to the dependencies should be based upon service to, not exploitation of, the countries; that the empire is not an estate to be worked for the enrichment of commercial interests in England but a trust to be administered for the [illegible] of its inhabitants [illegible] [illegible] and mineral deposits owned at present by some of the members of that very New Empire Resources Development Company!

ELECTION SHADOWS

ELECTIONS sometimes clear the air, but clearing the air is useless unless it serves to reveal the real will of the people. There is not a little danger that the will of the Canadian people may be thoroughly obscured in this next contest between the parties. It is up to the honest citizen to guard against this probability. Unless the politicians show an unexpected cleanness of heart this is about what will happen: English-speaking Canada will be asked to vote against this man or that man because he is somehow related to French-speaking Canada—and therefor to be condemned out of hand! French Canada will be similarly incited against the rest of Canada. Then too, the Borden Government will be blamed for the alleged sins of Sir Sam Hughes, and the Liberals for the alleged sins of Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the Grand Trunk Pacific. All these things are beside the point—have little or nothing to do with the main issue. That main issue is, competent government! Never mind the past of either of the parties. Neither has anything to boast about. Both should be ashamed of some of their acts. Don't vote for the baby-kissers and the men who try to move you by an appeal to your religious or racial feeling. Don't vote as an Englishman or an Irishman or a Scotchman or a French Canadian, but as a Canadian who is thoughtful of the interests of his own country. Don't accept a candidate chosen by your party organization for party services rendered in the past, unless he is a good staunch citizen as well. We people of Canada have sent too many men to Parliament whose only qualification was pawwagging and easy-speech. Remember: some of the best men are poor speechmakers

TOM THOMPSON

FEW Canadians knew Tom Thompson. Very few had seen his pictures even though one of them hangs in the National Gallery at Ottawa. His death by drowning in Algonquin Park—his favorite sketching haunt—gave greater publicity to his name than it hitherto had had. Yet Tom Thompson was one of our great men and future generations will look into his pictures, wherever they may hang, with something more than mere artistic interest. He was one who fulfilled the first function of art by Seeing, and the second by Feeling, and the third by clear and beautiful presentment. There will be a great many Tom Thompson's before Art comes into its own in this new country of ours. There are in fact a great many of them already—quiet, thoughtful modest men who live—let us admit it at once—precariously, but enjoy beauties which, but for them we might never see. We are often tempted to be impatient with art in the midst of our struggling practicalities, but it is a mood we must overcome. For art, as we know but often forget, ministers to the spirit and the spirit is, after all, what keeps us going against odds. Tom Thompson built no railways and founded no banks, inspired no university convocation and swayed no electorate. But on bits of board or canvass measurable in inches, he reproduced the glory of our Canadian wilderness, the sunshine of Heaven, the Majesty of nature

PRACTICAL PATRIOTISM

CANADA still contributes a good many men to picture shows, vaudeville and base ball games. We don't say they ought not to be there, for we take the stand that no one knows just what reasons a man may have for not being Overseas—reason which are not as apparent as his nose. We do take the stand, however, that when he is given an opportunity for expressing his patriotism practical way he ought to [illegible] He ought to [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Save For Export

AN INTERVIEW WITH FOOD CONTROLLER HON W. J. HANNA

By R. Goldwin Smith

Illustrated from Photographs

THE HON. W. J. HANNA, FOOD CONTROLLER OF CANADA.

Mr. Hanna was but a week in his new office before he had developed well-organized plans by which the people of the Dominion should save food for export. The new Food Controller is a man of wide experience, as a lawyer, politician and practical business man.

THE imperative duty before the people of Canada is to feed Great Britain and our European Allies. It cannot be done unless every man, woman and child in the Dominion joins with this office in service to the Canadian Division at the front and the armies and the peoples of the Entente. Without such service the food position will be desperate. Are the people of Canada to fail where success may mean victory or defeat?

"The food shortage of Britain and the European Allies, and the food to supply the armies of Canada and the United States must be wholly provided on this side of the Atlantic. Russia, itself on rations, cannnot come to the assistance of Britain, France, Italy or Belgium. War has closed the Dardanelles and the Baltic, and blocked the supply routes of this greatest wheat producing country in the world. There is a big drop in the exports of wheat in the Argentine, total exports in one week of June amounting to only 19 per cent. of the amount exported the same week a year ago. Shortage of ocean tonnage has largely closed the distant markets and the Allies look to Canada and the United States for the wheat of the Argentine, of Australia, New Zealand, India, Egypt and South Africa. On the basis of normal consumption, it is estimated, that Canada and the United States will only have 300,000,000 bushels of wheat for export this year. Great Britain and the Allies require 460,000,000 bushels. Our home consumption must be reduced by a third. As it is with wheat, so with beef and bacon. Tremendous quantities of fish, cheese, beans, canned and evaporated foods and other commodities are also required from the Dominion

"To feed the Allied armies and nations, the men and women of Canada must pledge themselves to maximum production, the elimination of waste and the largest possible consumption of perishable foodstuffs. The shortage in ocean tonnage makes it essential that easily storeable foods should be released for export. To release such food supplies Canada must live more on its perishable products. Fruits and vegetables, in their season, must be the country's foods to the greatest possible extent.

"The children of Belgium are crying for food. Serbia has been overrun by the enemy. Much of France has been laid waste. Ten nations of the world are on rations. Sixty million workers have been withdrawn from productive pursuits for war activities. The food situation is threatening. It may be disastrous. The men, women and children at home must make sacrifices for the soldiers who are daily sacrificing themselves for them. Canada cannot desert her Divisions or the armies and peoples of her Allies. Every individual is under a direct war obligation of food service, and such service is essential to victory."

So many offices have been created in Canada as a result of a state of war, so many committees have been organized and so many campaigns launched, that the wayfaring man would be confused, if it were not for the fact that he is vitally concerned. What then is this latest creation, namely the office of Food Controller? What is the function of such an official, that it has been deemed expedient to appoint so able and experienced a counsellor as the Hon. W. J. Hanna, lawyer, politician and practical business man to fill the

post? Mr Hanna's chief function in the capacity of Food Controller is to find ways and means of making up for an impending shortage of wheat, beef and bacon, of which our European Allies will be in absolute need before the North American crops of 1918 are harvested.

Mr. Hanna put one of the objectives of his campaign in a sentence when he said that the total need of wheat for the Allies and neutrals in Europe during the coming twelve months will be 1,105,000,000 bushels. The estimated production of wheat in these European countries this year will be 645,000,000 bushels. For the residue, that is 460,000,000 bushels, Europe must depend entirely on Canada and the United States, as the surplus wheat of other outside countries is not available. Now the estimated exportable surplus in Canada and the United States above normal domestic requirements during the coming year will be 300,000,000 bushels. There will be a shortage of wheat necessary for export, therefore of 160,000,000 bushels which must be made up.

"But why," some will ask, "has it been necessary to appoint food controllers in the United States and Canada to solve such a problem? Why should the recently appointed grain commissions not perform that function?" The answer is that no grain commission can supply 160,000,000 bushels (or one bushel) of wheat that do not exist. Then how can any official supply this wheat? By finding ways and means by which the people of Canada and the United States will consume 160,000,000 bushels less wheat than is absorbed under normal conditions.

It will be seen, therefore, that the office is one of the most vital created in connection with the war. It is important because the allied soldiers in the trenches will certainly go hungry, if that 160,000,000 bushels is not forthcoming. It is fortunate that so efficient a man as Mr. Hanna was available for the post, because he has one of the most difficult and delicate tasks that ever faced a government official. It is difficult, because the success of the enterprise depends largely on the voluntary support of every family in the Dominion. Almost absolute powers have been vested in Mr. Hanna, in the way of food control. He can regulate as he sees fit the distribution, price and consumption of all foods. If every family in every community strictly follow his advice however in the matter of regulating the consumption of food, Mr. Hanna's problem will be readily solved. Doubtless it will not be left altogether in the hands of individual families but their whole hearted co-operation is urgently needed.

Canada is not alone in this "Food Control" propaganda. The enterprise is well under way in the United States. In Mr. H. C. Hoover the United States government has chosen as Food Controller one of the brainest men and best organizers in that country. Mr. Hoover and Mr. Hanna are co-ordinating their forces and are working for exactly the same ends.

To the people of the United States and Canada it may appear rather a hard fortune that they are asked to retrench in respect to their bill-of-fare. Our Allies in Europe are doing it and have done so for a year or more. Fortunately it will not be necessary for the people on this side of the Atlantic to eat less. All we are urged to do is to a small extent use substitutes for wheat-foods, beef and bacon. That should not prove a hardship, in view of the fact that we have an abundance of other foods at our disposal. Why should Europe not take these substitutes? one may ask. The answer is that many of our substitutes are perishable, while others are too cumbersome to export under prevailing, tight ocean shipping conditions. For export purposes, wheat, bacon and beef, especially the two first named, are the most useful.

Theoretically the solution of the Food Controller's problems is simple. There are 110,000,000 inhabitants in the United States and Canada. If each person ate four ounces less of wheat-foods each day, in twelve months time the 160,000,000 bushels of wheat would be made up. In order to contribute our share of this, the people of the Dominion must save at least 12,000,000 bushels of wheat. Canadians consume on the average about six bushels of wheat each per annum. That is a high average compared with other nations. We could make up the shortage of 160,000,000 bushels if each one of us used 1½ bushels less per annum. That is, we would have to be content to use one-third less wheat-foods each day, throughout the year. Surely that is an easy task when we Canadians have as substitutes at hand cornmeal, oatmeal, rye and barley bread and non-wheat breakfast foods. That ,at any rate, is our task. There are various ways of accomplishing it.

In regulating the family diet several important factors must be kept in view. There are certain things that children must have. These include milk and fats of various kinds. Most so-called luxuries are usually withheld from children, for the sake of their health. If instead of denying the children staples, therefore, we adopted more closely their bill-of-fare, and ate one-third wheat-foods and the "proscribed" meats each day, not only would the impending needs of our European Allies be provided for, but the cost of living would be less. Any one, for instance, who has not tasted Canadian Pacific Coast halibut is advised to try the experiment. This salt water fish is delicious, firm as steak and is nourishing and reaches Toronto in excellent condition. Probably in connection with the fish industry, compulsion might prove advisable, in order that fish in large quantities may reach the consumer in first-class condition, at reasonable prices.

Another field covered by the Food Controller where compulsion might have a remedial effect would be in regard to the menus of hotels, railways and steamships. It is considered that bills-of-fare are needlessly elaborate and, according to Mr. Hanna's views, the waste is enormous. A regulation providing for simple, wholesome meals could readily be made effective.

With regard to the fixing of prices of commodities, Mr. Hanna stated in Montreal recently that he would not hesitate to do this, if he found it advisable. He made the qualification, however, to the effect that the trade need not be alarmed, as no losses would be sustained by this means.

Mr. Hanna reports that he has received communications to the effect that bakings from darker grades of flour were dearer than the white-flour foods. This, he intimated, was a clear case against some of those who handled the commodity. It stands to reason that whole wheat flour should be cheaper than flour that is manufactured from only part of the wheat grain, because a much greater proportion of the wheat is used. Moreover, the milling process is less elaborate when handling the darker wheat flours. Mr. Hanna thinks that with regard to some commodities (he probably includes wheat and flour), it might be expedient to establish maximum and minimum prices.

Mr. Hanna plans to operate through a wide range of existing organizations and other organizations to be created for the purpose of directly serving his ends. Acting under the auspices and by the authority of the Federal government, he will cooperate with the Provincial governments, farmers' clubs, women's institutes, schools, Red Cross Societies, National and Local Councils, the Young Men's Christian Association, the Young Women's Christian Association, church societies, municipal bodies and publications. The ultimate objective is the family. Local units will be organized in every community and these will demonstrate methods of domestic economy, home canning and evaporating of perishable products in order that the exportable products may be released.

The canning of perishable products will be a special item in Mr. Hanna's campaign. It is important that every

The women of Canada can assist the food campaign in no more effective way than by canning perishable foods

available pound of perishable foods should be preserved. The propagation of this campaign will be carried to the canning companies. Arrangements will likely be made by which canned goods will get to the consumer from factories at reasonable prices

Perhaps it is not generally known that carloads of ripe fruits have been destroyed on the Toronto wholesale fruit market for lack of buyers. Such an event will not recur with Mr. Hanna at the helm. Fruits have rotted on the trees in enormous quantities for lack of a market. This will be prevented as far as possible. Vegetables that will keep should be properly stored in the family cellar

Less than a month has passed since Mr. Hanna assumed the office of Food Controller. Very little time elapsed before he had set the problems and in some measure methods for solving them before the people of the country. In succinct form the leading methods are as follow

(1) Maximum production

(2) The largest possible consumption of perishable feedstuffs in order to liberate the storable foods for transportation across the ocean

(3) The adoption of war menus

(4) The prevention of waste

5) The utilization and creation of organized volunteer bodies to assist the Food Controller in increasing and conserving the food supply

With regard to production a movement was set on foot in the spring to assure the maximum food supply this season. Mr. Hanna has expressed himself as favorably impressed with results

In a recent speech before the Canadian Club of Montreal, Mr. Hanna hinted that some form of compulsion may be resorted to, in sufficient degree to insure the requisite amount of the foods required for export

If the people would consider the matter on a scientific basis, Mr. Hanna points out, they would see that by a careful selection of foods they could, without noticeable sacrifice, save one-third of the normal consumption. One means he suggests is to use vegetables and fish freely. Vegetables are available to all people in this country, and they would prove a healthy diet if used in greater abundance. As to fish, Canadian inland and coast waters abound in the choicest varieties in the world

The Food Controller will see to it that there is no undue hoarding of commodities by the wholesale trade merely for higher prices. Every effort will be made to secure transportation facilities so that the producer and consumer will not hereafter exist far apart, as has been the case to too great an extent heretofore

The availability of fish as an excellent substitute for beef and bacon has so strongly impressed the Food Controller that a special committee, national in scope, has been appointed to deal with the problem. Its first business will be to report on the feasibility of providing an ample supply of fresh water fish at reasonable prices to the consumers of central Canada, while at the same time granting legitimate returns to fishermen. The committee at present includes the following: Mr. G. Frank Beer and Mr. R. Y. Eaton, of Toronto, and Mr. F. S. Wiley, of Port Arthur. Each man is possessed of special qualifications for the work, the latter named being a practical fisherman.

Mr. Hanna says he will look first to individual committees to take up the work re-organizing our mode of living. It will require almost military law to enforce the proper regulations, unless our people see their patriotic duty and promptly go about it to inaugurate the changes. And it must be said that our people are taking up this great work in real earnest. For example, one of the larger women's clubs in Toronto has obtained pledges from its membership to institute meatless days and reduce the quantity of wheat foods served at their home tables. Cornmeal has already become the fashionable substitute for wheat flour. Lamb and veal have not been served in many of the leading clubs for weeks. If this sentiment continues to grow the "waster" will soon be as much of a social outcast as the food profiteer.

Save for export! Mr. Hanna wants the word passed along. Explain that the boys in the trenches are involved in the situation. Mr. Hanna, himself, has not hesitated to describe the need as desperate. This question of food control is not merely an effort to take precautions in case of contingencies. An adequate amount of exportable food must be conserved, or our Allies, and through them ourselves, will suffer

Politics and Politicians

SOME OF THE HAPPENINGS OF THE MONTH
ON PARLIAMENT HILL

By Tom King

THERE [illegible] the [illegible] of [illegible] the eddies and cross current [illegible] stands clearly outlined, and that is, that we are to have a general election in Canada. Up to the last moment many believed that the lifetime of Parliament would be again extended. They argued that when it came to the test Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the members of the Opposition would consent to another extension, or that the Government, with the assistance of the conscription Liberals, would pass the address praying for an amendment of the British North America Act by a majority vote. They were confident, at any rate, that the extension resolution would carry by sixty majority—in place of a bare margin of twenty votes—and they took it for granted that Sir Robert Borden had some understanding with the British Government which would ensure the necessary legislation by the Imperial Parliament.

On June 17th the Prime Minister moved the resolution providing for an extension of the Parliamentary term in a speech remarkable for its fairness, its tone of conciliation, and its earnest appeal. He pleaded with the members of the House to unite in preventing the discord and disunion almost certain to attend upon a general election. He again offered to form a National or Union Government, and to withhold the enforcement of the coming conscription law until there had been another earnest and united effort to raise one hundred thousand volunteers. He warned the House, however, that the Government was not in the position of a suppliant, and that if there was to be any serious opposition to the proposed extension, they would confidently make an appeal to the people.

Election by December?

THAT many of the arguments which induced Parliament to extend its own life by unanimous vote a year ago [illegible] free to admit. The conscription bill [illegible] and totally divided the House and the country. Much bitterness and [illegible] terness is evident which no coalition can cure, and many believe that more good than harm will result from a general election.

The date of the election has not, of course, been determined. It can scarcely be announced until the dissolution

Premier Martin, of Saskatchewan

of Parliament. Parliament is by no means through its labours, for the conscription bill has yet to be passed, as well as an income tax, some railway legislation, and perhaps a federal franchise act. With the members anxious to get home and look after their fences business may be greatly expedited, but unless there is a sudden dissolution few [illegible] out how the [illegible] before the [illegible] Dissolution on September 1st would mean an election some time in December, because a great deal of time will be required to poll the votes of the soldiers and have them in the hands of the various returning officers from Cape Breton to the Yukon by election day. Hence it looks like a long drawn out campaign which may be said to have already commenced, and a campaign that promises to be unique in Canadian history.

Old Lines Broken

IN THE first place, we will scarcely have the old-time election between the two old parties in which every Province was a battle field. In Quebec it is doubtful whether the Government will place any candidates in the field. The contest there will be between the followers of Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the followers of Henri Bourassa, much as it was in 1911, but the attacks upon Sir Wilfrid personally will be less virulent. Indeed, if he leads the party he will probably carry nearly all the seats in his native Province, although a few Nationalists will undoubtedly be returned, including Mr. Bourassa himself.

In Ontario, on the other hand, the Liberal party will be largely eliminated. The Liberals in that Province will be as strongly committed to conscription as the Conservatives, and in many ridings there may be arranged acclamations. The dozen Ontario Liberal members who voted with the Government on conscription may well expect to be returned without opposition. Indeed there may be a coalition government, which will see that while conscription candidates are returned from Ontario, a certain proportion of them will belong, or at least until lately have belonged, to the Liberal party.

So far, so good. In the Maritime Provinces, where the old party lines are more tightly drawn, we may see the old-time party fight with Tories on one side and Grits on the other. A

Union Government will find little favor among the people down by the sea who take their politics very seriously, and carry political differences to a length which, to people in other parts of the country, seem incredible.

Grain Growers Dominate West

IN THE West, both the old parties will find themselves shoved to one side by the grain growers, who are with the Borden government on conscription and against it on nearly every other subject. The West, indeed, will have the key to the situation, and will probably make and unmake governments hereafter, with startling rapidity. In the next Parliament we will have the group system, rather than the two party system, and governments may change as frequently as they do in France, unless in some way there is formed a broad, able, national government that can fairly well command universal respect. But such a government will have to largely forget the old party divisions in Canada, and, to be truly "national" should have some following and support in the Province of Quebec.

Since our last review the provincial elections in Saskatchewan have come and gone with the triumphal return of the Martin government to power. Hon. Mr. Martin is a young man who went from the Dominion Parliament to the Premiership of Saskatchewan without any previous training or experience in provincial politics. He seems to have restored public confidence to an administration which, a year ago, was badly shaken. Indeed, his majority was so phenomenal that the politicians are at a loss to explain it. It is said that the foreign born voters without exception voted Liberal as a protest against conscription. Yet Premier Martin personally advocated conscription during the campaign, and all the Liberal members of the House from Saskatchewan voted for the conscription bill. The true explanation of the landslide is probably to be found in the fact that it is a victory for the grain growers rather than a victory for the Liberal party. Three of Mr. Martin's Cabinet Ministers are prominent in the farmers' organizations.

Debate Usual Stagey Affair

WHETHER or no conscription was the issue in Saskatchewan, it has certainly been the one issue before Parliament during the past six weeks. The debate upon the second reading of the bill may have seemed interminable to the country, and yet only about one-half of the members exercised their undoubted right to speak. The debate dragged at times, and now and then rambled, as all debates are bound to do, but on the whole it was of a high character. The arguments against conscription were mainly presented by the members from Quebec, and many of them necessarily addressed the House in French. Thus it may be that the reports of the debate in the English-speaking papers were, to some extent, of a one-sided character. On the closing night of the debate, for example, Mr. Cardin, of Richelieu, delivered a speech which greatly enthused all who were able to follow him, and even those who could not understand a word of it knew they were hearing a great oration; yet the Ontario papers probably contented themselves with saying that "Mr. Cardin and others followed in French," and let it go at that.

On the other hand, a number of the French-speaking members from Quebec were able admirably to express themselves in English. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Hon. Charles Marcil, Mr. Lapointe of Kamouraska, and Mr. Pacaud, voiced the views of their province in classical English, and may be said to have fully presented the case against the conscription bill.

Upon the merits of the question we need express no opinion. No debate, in my recollection, ever changed a vote in the House of Commons, and probably, therefore, never changed a vote in the country.

Referendum Brought Slump

PROBABLY every member who voted on the second reading of the bill knew just how he was going to vote before the debate began. The slump in sentiment or change in opinion that undoubtedly took place among a certain number of members occurred in reference to the proposal to submit the bill to a plebiscite or referendum. This suggestion of a referendum did not come, in the first instance, from Sir Wilfrid Laurier. On the contrary, it was urged upon him as a good way out of a difficult situation by some of his English-speaking supporters from Ontario. It was at first specially pleasing to the Liberal members from the West, where the principle of initiative and referendum has been endorsed by both political parties at every provincial election for some time past. Manitoba has a statute providing for "direct legislation," which was, however, declared *ultra vires* by the Court of Appeals, and is now under scrutiny by the Imperial Privy Council. Saskatchewan passed a similar law some years ago, as also, I think, did the Province of Alberta. The grain growers at any rate, who are many of them American settlers from the Western States, make the referendum a cardinal plank of their political platform. The Laurier amendment itself was drawn by a sub-committee of thirteen Liberal members, of whom only five came from the Province of Quebec. It therefore seemed that although the Liberals would split badly on the conscription bill itself they might unite to support the referendum.

But when the vote came to be taken half the Ontario Liberals and practically all of the Western Liberals lined up with the government. I do not think it was any speeches made in the debate which changed their views. They may have thought the thing over carefully, or they may have heard from their constituents. The fact remains, however, that a number of the members who recommend the Laurier amendment felt constrained in the end to vote against it.

Ontario and the West in Accord

THIS, then, was where the break came in the Liberal parliamentary party rather than upon the conscription bill itself. Perhaps so far as the West is concerned the break was, in any event, inevitable. The fact is that the Western people are growing less and less interested in the war, and to the our great political parties in Western Canada. Quite apart from the war and conscription the Western Provinces are ripe for a Western party, and a parliamentary group of their own, the members of which will attend the caucus of neither political party.

Criticism of Conscription Bill.

WHILE the politicians here take it for granted that the sentiment of the country is favorable to the principle of conscription they by no means agree in thinking that every candidate will be returned at the next election who runs as a conscription candidate outside of Quebec. The bill itself will be criticised from different angles in different localities. Hon. Frank Oliver has already declared that it falls too lightly on the Province of Quebec. He thinks that instead of causing Quebec to make up her delinquency in the past the measure will enable that Province to furnish even less than her proportionate quota in the future. Already there has been criticism as to the order in which the men are to be called out. As time goes on some unexpected defects will appear in the law, because no law has ever been drafted which does not disclose some absurdities or injustice in the course of administration. And there is also to be taken into account the people who talk conscription but vote the other way, and the people who are not talking at all but have some strong convictions on the subject. It is altogether likely, however, that a coalition government going to the country on the conscription issue would be returned by a good majority. How long such a government could hold together or how long it would receive the support of the House after the present emergency passes is another question.

Continued on page 216.

The Owner of 28 Above

By Madge Macbeth

Illustrated by W. B. Timlin

IT had "gone six" on the creeks, and the many whistles of the hoisting plants shrilly announced the fact. In all directions men could be seen coming up from the shafts, weary after their ten hour shift under-ground. Almost every nationality was represented in the motley crew—every profession, from faro dealer to Sky Pilot, their previous varied interests now merged in a common one—a search for the alluring gold.

Gradually separating himself from the crowd, Jack Denton walked slowly up the hill to his pretentious cabin. He was a veritable sour-dough, having crossed the summit in '95 and having been in on every stampede from Forty-mile to the Koyakuk. Just following the great Klondike discovery, he had staked on "28 above"—on Bonanza Creek—but he had been too restless to stay there and work his claim. Rather, he preferred to let it out on lays, while he roamed the country, unfettered. Then, one night, he met the Sunshine Kid, a music hall singer who was known and admired in every mining camp from [illegible]. He [illegible] passionately in love with her, courted and won her; and at last, having some real interest in life, Denton settled on "28 above" to work it. His labors were not unrewarded, for he took out rich pay dirt with almost every rise of the bucket.

When the Dentons' boy was born, [illegible] perfect happiness. But in the gold country, Life played strange tricks, offering as much or as little as she chose, and perfect happiness, lasting happiness, was as rare there as anywhere else abroad in the world. A good deal of misery was to creep into the cabin of Jack Denton, as he realized one morning upon receiving a dirty, grease-stained note, written in an almost illegible female hand. It read—

> Dere Jack,
>
> I aint ashamed to say I miss you something fearce. I aint never got uat to doin without you. If I thought you wuz happy, I wouldent care so bad, but wen I see you brakin your heart becose of what's goin on under your nose, and wen I see you that wuz so quick to hit the feller that needed hittin, lyin down now as meek as a doormat, I tell you Jack I cant bare it. Wont you come back? Chuck the rest fer good. Beleve me, dere, its the onliest thing to do.

The note was unsigned but he knew its author. The reference to "What was going on under his nose' was also plain to him, and the knowledge was bitter. Some six months before, Denton had taken on as miner, a young Englishman, an Oxford graduate and a soldier of fortune who had tried his hand at everything from faro dealing to playing the piano in a music hall. The man was patently a gentleman and soon made himself popular both in the camp and in the best society of Dawson. His admiration for his employer's wife was immediate and open, and he set himself the task of persuading many of the Dawson elite to call upon Kate Denton who up to that time had been outside the pale of their visiting lists, by reason of her former profession. Conventional restrictions invade even mining country when the wives and daughters begin to come in from "the Outside." But Kate Denton soon proved her fitness to adorn the highest circles in a more convincing manner than might have been expected, considering her from the standard of the ordinary music hall artist, and Jack Denton was unspeakably grateful to the man who had made an opportunity for her to take what he considered to be her proper place in the community. Denton, himself, upheld a fanatical freemasonry amongst all classes; but for his wife, his views differed.

He had been neither happy nor at ease on the occasions when he accompanied her to social functions in the town, and so he drifted into the habit of asking Burnside to take her, while he gave or attended a stag party out on the Creeks. Kate and Burnside had so many things in common; they had their music; they had read the same books, had seen the same pictures, had enjoyed the same plays. Denton could not help admitting as he watched the two together, that there was an indescribable Something about them which made them seem far removed from the roughness—the ruggedness, perhaps—of a man like him, a man whose only claim to culture was a love of the beautiful and good, and a desire to "be square."

Fond of one another? Of course they were. They made no secret of it to him or to any one else. Burnside seized openly, every possible excuse for spending his leisure with Kate Denton. And Jack felt that he could have throttled the demon of jealousy which whispered so insistently in his ear, had his wife's name not become the topic for common music hall gossip. As the Sunshine Kid, the breath of scandal had never touched Kate Ashton, and it frenzied her husband to realize that now, wearing the protection of his

blame, its foul breath should smirch [illegible]

[illegible] s there any foundation for Mamie's ugly insinuation? He vehemently shouted a denial even while torturing pictures presented themselves before his mind. . . . pictures of the two at the piano, in the garden almost lost amongst the magnificent sweet peas which grew as high as Kate's golden head. . . had he been living in a fool's paradise, after all? What did they know—those other people—that he did not? He cursed himself for harboring such thoughts and told himself he did not believe them. Yet, knowing Kate, and how lovable she was and how beautiful, how could he help believing them? What was more natural than that Burnside should grow too fond of her . . . besides, they had so much in common, and they had—youth!

He did not blame them. It was no one's fault. He did not see red and want to kill anybody, save those who talked against Kate. But he wanted to ease the pain which was gnawing at his heart, with such intensity as to make him almost oblivious to his surroundings.

He stumbled against his own threshold without realizing how he got there, pushed open the door and entered the cabin. Kate stood with her back to him, playing with young Jack, but at the sound of his step, she rushed to meet him. Denton kissed her gently, looking for a fleeting instant hungrily into her lovely upturned face.

"The model was bust, after she was made," he thought to himself. "How's things?" he asked aloud.

"Fine," she answered gaily. "I've cooked the fattest, biggest, dandiest wild duck that ever flew up the creeks, and Togo never helped me a bit!"

The Jap cook smiled a confirmation of her words and proceeded to exhibit the delicacy for the boss' approval.

"And beside that I've worked like fury on my new dress," Kate went on, excitedly. "Togo had to unpin me at least a dozen times."

She laughed as she thought of her struggles with Togo whose taste did not run in the line of dressmaking, and Jack's abstracted smile passed unnoticed by her.

The following night — Valentine's Night — would mark an epoch in Kate's social progress. She had been invited, through Burnside's instrumentality, to the Arctic Brotherhood Ball, in Dawson; Burnshide, as usual, was going to take her, and the new gown was a matter of no small importance. Jack was not going; like many a real miner, he had a sneaking contempt for the fuss and flurry of polite functions—for himself. For his wife, they were the thing.

After dinner, from behind his book he watched her surreptitiously as she worked at her gown, marvelling that she could appear so natural with a shadow between her and the man she ought to love. It could n't be true; he began the senseless argument all over again, only to loosen the floodgates of poison and misery which were already drenching his soul.

Presently Kate looked up.

"I am going to turn in," she said. "To-morrow will be another busy day, and I don't want to be a wreck before I start. Are you coming, dear?"

"In a minute," he answered without looking at her.

She kissed him lightly and left the room. For a while he could hear her move about, and then all was still.

An uncontrollable restlessness took possession of him; he tried walking up and down the small room, but his very efforts to be noiseless irritated him further. He could not sit still, he could not read. Gradually, he edged, nearer to his well filled sideboard impelled thither by a demon he could not control. Before his marriage Denton had been more or less of a drinker, and was considered a bad man when in

He met the Sunshine Kid, a music hall singer, who was known in every mining camp from Juneau to Nome

liquor on account of his prodigious strength. But he had been a teetotaller for almost three years, hardly conscious of a suspicion of thirst.

"I have held it down for all this time," he said falteringly, "I reckon I can do it, now."

He poured himself a full glass of whiskey and drained it. It seemed to quiet him for the moment, although the idea of sitting alone with his thoughts, or even trying to sleep frenzied him. So he put on his coat and cap, let himself out noiselessly, and descended the steep incline to his claim. Arrived there, he found the night crew busily hoisting dirt out of the shaft

"How's she going, Antoine?" he asked his night foreman.

"Purty good, Jack, purty good," replied the other with the easy familiarity of master and man in the camp. "I panned joost now and get five cent."

Denton nodded and turned toward the building he called his office.

"Good God," he breathed, "if this keeps up, there'll be a million in the dump by the t[illegible] A million for—" he stopped abruptly, and a dull flush mounted to his face. What use would he have for a million without Kate? By spring she might [illegible]

With an oath which was more of a groan than a curse, he unhooked the receiver of his telephone.

"Give me the Forks," he said—a busy little town at the junction of the Eldorado and the Bonanza creeks, about two miles distant

"That you Dennis? Is this the night of your grand opening?"

"Why, hello, Jack!" came a surprised voice over the wire. "No, that's on for to-morrow. Hope you'll turn loose and join us."

"Maybe."

"Well, I say, Jack, what's the matter with comin' over for a little toot right now? We've got a nice little game goin' in No. 7, and you're not too rusty, I take it, to sit in."

"I'll come over for a couple of rounds," Denton heard himself say, and hung up the receiver.

A half hour's brisk walk brought him to the Gold Hill road house, a pretentious wooden structure presided over by the most popular boniface in the Country—Dennis Sugrue, who had ridden to hounds in the Emerald Isle.

"Ach," said the latter, "tis a sight for me old age, to see you, me bye! When I told them up stairs you were coomin' they all but dhropped dead! 'Tis like one of the ghosts walkin' in on us,' they said."

Jack laughed.

"I'm a fairly healthy spirit," he said. "And speaking of spirits, shoot me a drink, Denny, and make it good and strong."

"Not off the wagon, Jack?" asked Dennis with no effort at concealing his surprise. His thoughts, at once reverted to "Sunshine" whose sincere

Dropping his weapon he struck fiercely at Jack's face as the latter sank unconscious to the floor

admirer he was and always had been.

"Oh, there's no danger! Come on, old nurse. I'm cold!"

He tossed off the drink in a gulp, laughed again and made his way upstairs. Sugrue looked after him, with a frown. He heartily regretted asking him over to the hotel.

As Denton opened the door of No. 7, a roar of welcome greeted him.

"Why, Jack, I thought you'd taken to knittin' in the evenin's," said the Skipper. "Give us your flipper, mate!"

"It's a long time we don't see you, Jack," volunteered little Joe Barette. "*Comme ca va?*"

Squid Kent, rather an outsider in "the gang" was playing, and his greeting amounted to nothing more than a grunt. It was so noticeable that Joe in an access of joviality rose and with a flourish of his graceful hands, introduced the two men.

"Meester Denton," he said. "'Ave you mek de acquaintance of Meester Kent?"

At another time this would have been funny, but Jack was not in a mood for jokes. He answered Squid's nod with another quite as surly and gave his attention to the game. At frequent intervals he drank with the rest of the party, but nothing seemed to touch the sore spot he was trying to ease. By midnight he had about a thousand dollars on the table, in velvet.

"At half-past, I quit, boys," he said. "Take all you can away from me before then."

Each of the players had, by good luck, followed his suggestion except Squid Kent, when the half hour struck and as Denton rose, he pushed him back in his chair.

"You don't go, yet!" he cried. "You've got too much of my money to walk off at this stage of the game! Why, my luck's just beginning to turn."

"Take your hand off me!" Denton's voice was almost gentle, but the others looked at him with sudden apprehension.

"Take your hand off me, and if you can't lose like a man, why you had better play old maid with the kids. I said I was going at half-past and going, I am."

"Sure, Jack," agreed the Skipper, finding his wits among the fumes of tobacco and whiskey. "Run right along and we'll give Squid another chance, if he dont act up, none."

"Is it all right with the rest of you?" Denton asked, rising slowly and looking round the table.

An affirmative chorus uttered with so evident a tone of sincerity that it could not be doubted answered him. Without a glance at Kent, he left the room. He stopped at the bar on his way out, and hurried home through the cold, still night.

Regularity was one of Denton's strong points and seven o'clock found him at the claim. When he went home to breakfast, Kate was waiting him, fresh and sweet as always. If she noticed anything unusual in his looks or manner, she said no

The day passed uneventfully. Kate

working at her costume, Jack at the mine. Toward evening, however, his telephone rang and a woman's voice came over the wire

"That you, Jack?. . . . . My, but it's good to hear your voice, again."

[illegible] you, Mamie

"Say, I heard you cut loose and was over at Denny's last night. Are you comin' to-night, Jack?"

"'Fraid not, Mamie."

"Why ain't you? *Please*! It's his opening, and won't happen again. Won't you come for old times sake?"

"Can't do it, Mamie, old girl. You know that's all done with now."

"Jack," she begged, "if I promise never to ask you again, will you see me this once?"

"'Fraid not," he repeated doggedly. "Take some other fellow."

She laughed harshly and rang off. Denton stared unseeingly at the mouthpiece and frowned. In his bachelor days he had been one of the most confirmed habitues of the dance halls, but since his marriage he had not been inside one. He had been dissipated and riotous, as is the case with nearly all strong characters, in pioneer life; he had had his friends amongst the "soiled doves," but they had not left their mark upon him, and he had appreciated all the more, the sweetness which Kate Ashton, the Sunshine Kid, had brought into his home. What would there be left for him, he wondered dully, after Kate and Burnside went away—for go some day they would he knew. What would there be left? Nothing but drink and Mamie? He rose heavily and went to the door, just as little Joe Barette passed.

"Hello," called the Frenchman. "Get home all right?"

"Sure! Did Squid come out even?" asked Denton, with an ugly look.

"I should say not. But don't you get a mad on him, Jack, he is no good!"

"He didn't bother *me*, Joe. But I don't like seeing him around."

"Look at my horse," said the other, dodging away from an unpleasant subject. "I bring her from the 'Outside,' and fast—you give her some hay and some oats, and if she don't run to de Forks by two hour I give you to her!"

"Some horse," called Jack, as the other drove on.

Joe was going to the Forks; all the world was going to the Forks except that part of it which was going to Dawson. Denton turned back to the office long enough to take a deep pull at his flask—something he had been doing with regularity all day—then climbed the hill to his cabin Kate was gathering up a litter of lace and silks as he entered, and she came to him with her arms full, to be kissed.

He evaded the caress upon a flimsy pretext and disappeared into his room; when he emerged a few minutes later, he had himself under good control and talked quite easily and naturally to his wife

Some of the boys say that Kate should have noticed his condition, but those who knew the circumstances best argue that Jack Denton was no weakling whose half a dozen drinks turned his eyes to bleary pools, his speech to tangled words and his step to a doddering totter. Any way, having never given her cause for suspicion, he was not the object of Kate's constant and keen observation, in the way that a hard drinker would have been—and then, she was all excitement and flurry about the night's fun. So she noticed nothing, except that it was time for her to dress, and jumping from the table she got into her holiday costume.

"How do I look, Mr. Denton?" she asked, as she stood before him and swept him a courtesy.

Jack gasped. Wearing a gown of some shimmering stuff, the like of which he had never seen, low cut and showing her beautiful figure to perfection, with her rich brown hair coiled high and fastened with a sparkling ornament—one of his own gifts to her—her face glowing with healthy happiness and a bit highly colored with the excitement of the anticipated Ball, Denton realized that his wife was a sight to make men catch their breath!

"You'll do, by G—!" he muttered hoarsely. And precisely at that moment Burnside stamped into the room.

"It's no mild night!" he said after going into flattering raptures in his own inimitable fashion over his companion. "I almost hate to take such a precious charge out on such a night! It must be fifty below."

K[illegible] laughed.

"One would think I had never been out in fifty weather before! Why, I drove to Gold Bottom from Dawson one night when it was sixty below and didn't mind it at all."

"That was the night old Jim [illegible] was dying and wanted to hear [illegible] once again, wasn't it?" asked [illegible] Englishman softly. "I heard [illegible] telling about it."

Kate flushed. "I didn't know [illegible] knew anything about it," she [illegible] "It was nothing. Togo, bring the hot bottle [illegible] husband wra[illegible] into the sleigh. [illegible] at home h[illegible] like a perfect pig to leave you! Will you be lonely Jack?"

"By no means," he answered with bravado. "I'll manage first rate. Stay to the finish, is my motto; be sure to see the whole affair!"

Burnside and his companion had driven but a short distance when it became apparent that the temperature was steadily dropping. Instinctively they and bottles the icy wind sought out the most unprotected [illegible] and took them ache. Suddenly Burnside said

"I say, Kate, I am afraid we will have to run in to '60' for a few minutes. One of my hands is freezing."

"Oh, Frank! Give me the reins! Yes, I can," she argued. "I can drive very well that far. It *is* cold!"

They drove up to the road house—a place where Kate had never been, and which did not bear the reputation of the Gold Hill,—and were soon standing in front of the large air-tight stove with which those places were always equipped.

"A couple of hot drinks, quick!" called Burnside as the proprietor hurried forward. His hand was only just touched, though quite painful Kate held it in both her own and was rubbing it gently when the door of a side room opened and a handsome, dissipated blonde came forward.

"Good Lord, Frank, you here! I didn't know you'" she said Will you folks join me an' my friend in a little drink? We're just havin' one."

"No thanks, Mamie," said Frank shortly stepping between the woman and Kate

The action was so obvious that Mamie's face flamed in sudden anger. "All right, then, don't!" she called, and slammed the door.

Inside the room, she turned to her companion. "Strike me dead, for a liar, Squid, if that wasn't Jack's woman with Burnside—in this here place! An' to think that doll took him away from me! Damn her!" "Didn't you

Continued on page 218.

A New Pedlar

For many years one of the most popular features of CANADA MONTHLY was the department, *The Pedlar's Pack*, directed by "Kit", who, under this familiar pen name, endeared herself to readers, especially to women, throughout the Dominion.

In this issue the department is resumed under the direction of "Raggs", another Canadian woman journalist, whose writings are attracting increasing interest.

The First Icelander

By Nan Moulton

Decorations by Frederic M. Grant

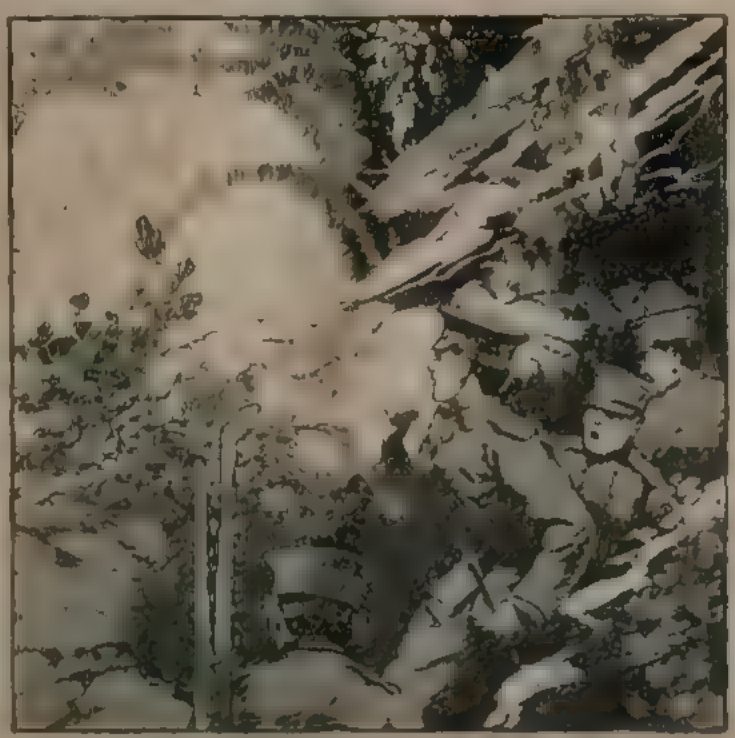
IT was just before the news of Ypres and the pitilessly lengthening casualty lists, that Mickey with a blur before his humorous Celtic eyes handed in at my door a clipping, "Halli Martinsson dangerously ill at Le Touquet with a gun-shot wound in his head." The paper had him aged forty-nine, and Mickey said with a ragged little laugh that you never could tell about these blond people. Then he went away precipitately, Halli was only nineteen.

To-day there is a two-column headline display—"First Icelander to give his life for the country of his adoption"—a meagre detail or two, and a picture of a fair, young soldier rounder-faced than we had known him, shy-eyed, with heavy brows and a sweet young mouth

They are talking of him through the offices, a quiet sentence or two, a pitiful exclamation and silences. It is the wordless pause one hears loudest

For the first time since war broke out, I am sitting here seeing red. A good kid, Halli, who worked away pleasantly out there in the office and never hurt anybody in his life—all gone out. And why? It is cold and rainy here, the leaves just racing out. Next week there will be blossoms on the wild plum. Lilacs are hinting. And [illegible] devil-may-care, his letters of a drollery unsuspected while he was here, buried hurriedly away from the Spring, a hideous gun-shot wound across his blond young head

My little office is in the centre of the other offices, with windows between opened high up for legendary ventilation, and my outlook on life is diversified and my gaiety often added to by the drifts of conversation that blow in unintentionally with the ventilation of sorts. But to-day I can't bear it—they are grouped in there now around the casher's desk, five of them, talking in the brusque, accepting way of men with the death of men—I find it hard to forgive them. Casual, nonchalant talk of Halli and of ways they would prefer not to die, vivid, gruesome examples, the shattering of soft flesh, until my raw nerves jump into the tip of my tongue and I call stranglingly, "For God's sake, STOP!" They laugh a bit, but they stop. Underneath it all, I dare say they are feeling just the way I am. The adding-machine threshes through the quiet and I think of Mickey's answer to one of the stenographer girls. "What did Halli say in his letter?" she asked Mickey one overseas mail-day. "He asked," affirmed Mickey unblushingly, "for an adding-machine to help total the Germans his rifle had accounted for." "Halli was a good-living boy," said Mickey to me to-day soberly from what, I fanc[illegible] was a more debonair experience. But Mickey paid his sobered tribute to a clean life—"Halli was a good-living boy."



He was bearing his life carelessly among the shot and shells, as became a man

Somehow we hadn't known much of Halli during the few months he had dwelt in the outer office One morning there was a new boy at the desk of the printing department. But there was always a new [illegible] boy some place. When there grew to be a definite [illegible] of him, it was of a [illegible]ter who did not [illegible] overmuch, who [illegible]hed easily wh[illegible] were lowly, but who w[illegible] ready of service, and who was there, quietly, when you had need of him Between times, sometimes you found him [illegible]moking

diffident pipe in the halls. He wasn't very big and he wasn't over-emphatic, but to-day, thinking of him, I hear him again, in that revealing noon-hour, talking over the phone with his soft, slow, reluctant voice and his sudden, sympathetic laugh that stopped with a shy catch, and then broke out again helplessly, dropping to one lower baritone note after another in little soft pats of sound. He had a quaint but eminently respectful way of referring to girls as "Janes." Often in his noon-hour telephone conversations he seemed to be diplomatically eluding some more or less persistent Jane. There were atmospheres of social occasions sometimes, and there was one man friend over and over, which times one gathered unconsciously some quality of splendid friendship, diffident but tender, in the quiet boy who was evidently forgetting the inner office, though the inner office clacked her type-writer and heard always only what she couldn't help hearing

Halli and Nat enlisted the first day of the rolling up to the colors. We sent them wrist-watches the day they went away in their crescent years, a beat in their temples and their hearts lifting out of their bodies. They drilled at Valcartier until they were dizzy, then went in grey ships to that awful winter at Salisbury Plains.

It was from there we began to know Halli a little better. It was to Mickey he wrote, but Mickey used to stop at my door and share the parts he liked and sometimes I might even read the letters. He wrote in a diffident sort of hieroglyph that was like the lowliness of his eyes. Just once in about four pages he might take breath for a new paragraph. Mostly the sheets were solid ink or pencil, little punctuation, few capitals, commas all the same as periods. There was a boy's frolicking over his work—"Say, I got a nice little job this week working on a transport in place of a man who is gone on a week's leave, I understand horses pretty well and therefore don't mind it, but I *do* hate getting up so early in the morning to feed the horses, that's the worst about horses, you got to practically nurse them day and night, and if you don't treat them just as they 'think' they should be treated they wait until you get them hitched up and then try to run away from you, one of them tried to kick me this morning while I was giving another one some oats, and I got real mad, I first stuck my tongue out at him, and then I called him a boob, and I told him the next time he got funny I would push him in the face. I guess these horses got an idea because I am a small guy, they can do what they like while their master is away, but I'll fix 'em, boy Well, old pal, I guess your getting pretty tired of this rot. Excuse punk writing my knee is shaky.'

Then Nat was in hospital eight weeks with typhoid pneumonia and Halli rode over the four muddy miles on a bicycle whenever he could, his quality of friendship luminous through all the "holy terror of wet." Nat came back to his lines thus:—"To-day Nat was brought back to the camp, he is very weak though and the worst of it all is that he has really nothing but the floor to sleep on. I was over in his hut to see him and he looked a bit troubled about the state of affairs, poor kid, so says I to myself, 'Halli to the Rescue' and I went back to my hut and got my 'tic' and give it to him, (that is a sort of a sleeping bag filled with straw) he didn't like to take it, but was finally glad to accept it. I guess I'll find the boards pretty hard, but I can stand it better than Nat can, and if there is anything I can do for him, By God I'll do it, and this certainly was the best I could do for him, Mickey. Well as soon as I seen he was pretty comfortable, I started back for my hut. Say, bo, this is an awful night, snowing a regular blizzard, and cold! Oh, bluey! Well let her blow we should bibble"

There was a bit of solid satisfaction out of Christmas: "We had a rather enjoyable time on Xmas night, we had a big dinner, no everlasting 'mulligan,' but real 'Turkey,' boy, after which we held a sort of an entertainment, a neat little programme, and then dancing; dancing, however, was rather slow, no Janes you know. Of course I don't dance so I formed part of the orchestra, which consisted of one flute and two mouth organs, some orchestra."

But the letter I received acknowledging a little Christmas remembrance was a model of decorum and restraint, the "dear friend" style prevailing in ancient books on etiquette. The Camp was near Stonehenge, "a queer lot of stones" . . . . "During the few months training of the Canadian troops here on the Plains, the continued heavy rainfall has caused an unusual amount of mud to settle in this vicinity, so I will write you a bit of poetry, not made up by me, which will give you an idea of conditions here, written in a cheerful manner, entitled 'The Mud Lark's Song'." On review I now find that a joyful sen-

tence I had overlooked the words of "caused an unusual amount [illegible] settle in this vicinity" and "which will give you an idea of conditions here, written in a cheerful manner."

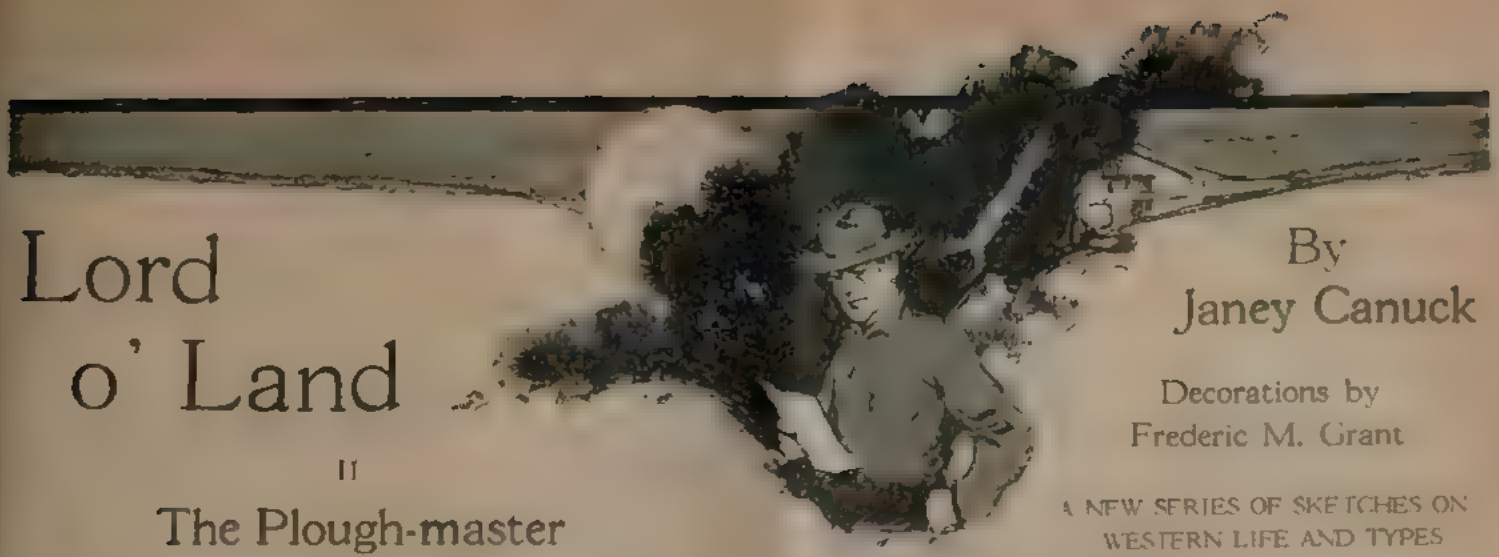
There were a few days' leave in London and the first thing the brave H[illegible] and the recovered Nat did was to [illegible] port themselves on roller-skates in [illegible] nosiy rink! And all of London wai[illegible] for them there behind the fog! [illegible] male young is a class apart

The Thursday they were interviewed by "H. M. King George," it was the inarticulate Nat who was moved to expression. "It was a great day for us. We lined the track after we [illegible] 'marched past' and cheered him all the way from Camp to Avebury. I was quite close to him and was No. 2 in the front rank. He is a rather small man and is now looking rather worried. His face is all wrinkles and he looks like a man of 75 years. But we hope soon that we will give him cause to worry no more, when we get a crack at those Germans." Halli's account of the review never came to hand.

Next they were in France, in billets (barns and towns), in trenches, scorning the shells of the Huns, "half of them don't explode." Nat having machine-gun instruction, and Halli with the bomb-throwers, "both feeling well, perhaps a trifle dusty." Active service letters, we found, were very occasional and very brief.

Finally Halli found a space for an old-time communication to M[illegible] headed, "Leland Hotel Winnipeg, (I don't think)." He was bearing his life carelessly among the shot and shells, as becomes a man, pulling a droll face at The Enemy but there was a growing undertone of seriousness They had "rigged up" signs for memories all along the trenches "Portage Ave.", "Queen's Hotel," "Venice cafe," and everything going fine until some of the boys came up for a dinner to be told the chefs had all been Germans and were over in the other trenches. In this wise the letter went "Yes, Mickey, we have had a go at the Germans but we're not through with the beggars yet. Their rifle fire don't worry us a bit, but oh those 'big pistols' that throw the 'Jack Johnsons,' they are hard to get used to. You can hear them screaming through the air, but there is no way of getting shelter from them — *If they're going to get you they'll get you, that's all there is to it.*" (The italics are mine.) "The most exciting day I have experienced was on the 10th inst. Mickey, it was sure some day! Just after daybreak about 7 a. m., we started rapid fire into the beggars. We were supported from behind by our artillery and it wasn't long until the enemy replied and for the

Continued on page 217.



Lord o' Land

II

The Plough-master

By
Janey Canuck

Decorations by
Frederic M. Grant

A NEW SERIES OF SKETCHES ON WESTERN LIFE AND TYPES

IN this French Hotel where we stop, there is much wall-space but few windows. The floors, which are scrupulously clean, are of spruce boards, painted a vivid yellow ochre. There is a medallioned carpet in the parlor, which is an overtinted, hectic room. The walls are hung with pictures of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, one of *Le bon Dieu*, and several of the calendar saints. These are the same in all the French hotels. The member of parliament for the constituency has sent his photograph to the proprietor with friendly words written thereunder. This also hangs on the wall.

At supper, we have a crafty and surprisingly palatable dish which the cook calls *cuisiniere des legumes*. With many gesticulations and signs, she explains that it is comprised of fat bacon cut into dice and fried. Into this fat, onions are thinly sliced and shaken until well browned. At the very moment of serving, a tin of little pease from France is drained into the whole But, *Ma foi*! Madame must remember to pour off the liquid before adding the little pease, for oil and water Pouf! that would be a sorry dish and fit only for the Turks and for the odious Prussians

ANYONE can see that this woman is a gastronomist, and cooks *con amore*. If I stay for dinner to-morrow, she will prepare a fish for me with Tartare sauce—that is to say with a mayonnaise dressing to which has been added onion juice and chopped olives While we "do" the dishes, she tells me about other festal foods she makes, till my teeth are on edge to eat them.

In the morning, our way lies through a pleasant country of new-sown fields and of fat fallows but, in one place, a man with a heavy ploughshare is breaking new sod into long rigid lines Someone has said that "to plough is to pray". This is true, but in a more literal sense than the poet meant. The ploughman prays that his heavy blade will not strike a buried stone or a hidden stump but, that if it does, some of his ribs may escape fracture At least, this is how the Padre interprets the dictum and he has ploughed many a furrow, he says

> *"I ploughed my land with horses,*
> *But my heart was ill at ease.'*
>
> [illegible]
>
> *[illegible] and talk*
> [illegible]
>
> FRANCIS THOMPSON

The shiver of the share on the unturned sod leaves a radiant run of fire all the length of the furrow. We wonder if the ploughman sees this, and what are his opinions of the jovous brotherhood of blackbirds that flutter in his wake. Robert Louis Stevenson wrote of "the unthinking ploughman" but he must have forgotten Bobbie Burns. It has always been my opinion that we have not a proper deference for the plough. The mace, the baton, the measuring rod, and other implements of less use and no beauty are given an unwarranted precedence in our system of things. In Burma [illegible] it is different. Once a year, in spring time, two snow-white oxen are hitched to a plough, when the chief ruler of the land turns a furrow in order that a good crop may be insured to his people. For this occasion, gorgeous robes and the paraphernalia of state are donned by the Lords of the Council and all the Nobility who travel from afar to be present.

It was to settle what he was thinking about that we drew up till the ploughmaster came back again to the trail which tagged his field. It turned out that he thought only of the war, and of how he might get away to enlist. If he goes, there is no one to reap his bally fields. Besides, it isn't cricket to leave his wife when she is so unwilling. His people at home said he would find this country a change and, By Jove, he does. He wishes we would come up to his "digs" for dinner and talk it over. His wife would be glad of visitors, and maybe we could persuade her. Not wishing to interfere in so personal a matter, we decided to push on to our destination.

FOR my diversion, he shows me a snake which he carries in his pocket. Her name is Hetty and he says she has been dehorned. There are "wallows" on the back of his farm and the mosquitoes rise off these in millions, but having become inoculated with the virus of their sting, he is wholly immune. I can see that this cultured Englishman out here on the edge of the world has poise, persistence, and a sense of humor, and is accordingly bound to make good. This was why I fell in love with him on the spot, and not because of his handsome face and sunny courtesy as the Padre intimates. Later, when I asked this man's name at one of the homesteaders' [illegible] men-folk were loud in his [illegible] the men showed the same [illegible] jealous spirit as the Padre

He's a slap-up dude, that's what he is," said the eldest son. "And I've heard how as he sowed oat-meal on his field the first year he came." This sally though repeated at the expense of nearly every Englishman in the West, was received with hearty approval. Thus encouraged, he proceeded to tell us how this Wheatley, usually called "Yellowlegs" because of his leather leggings, is "a fancy kind of fellow and rides like he was rowing a boat." In a word, he rides with the buts, whereas men to the country born, ride with the saddle

YELLOWLEGS has been [illegible] to describe his horse as "a [illegible] [illegible] also he wea[illegible] like a woman. As a further enormity he [illegible] once a month from [illegible] [illegible] extra [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] who has no wife to [illegible] Yellowlegs (being a widower this year past) excuses the Englishman for the reason that it is the life of these Britishers to be always drifting around the map when not having a bath or drinking tea. One desired to ask whether he drifted in the tea and the bath, but one did not dare offend these positive and uncompromising persons

And now we travel along a tortuous wooded trail but here and there, we come to a dancing-place between the trees. Of course, these are not charted as dancing places on the municipal map, but if you belong to the initiated few, you can almost hear the whisperings of the nymphs and of the other sweet societies of elfin folk. Since wine has been prohibited in this Province by a legal statute, enjoining a fine and even imprisonment, Pan and Bacchus are perforce well-behaved and sober gentlemen, so that our native naiades need no longer flee for shelter to river and reeds. Yes! Pan must be hard pressed in these puritanical days although he may be making julep from wild mint, and frappe from the flowers, for all we starched and churchly people know

PRESENTLY, we are halted by a wire fence across our way which was a pity for we never cut a fence, the Padre and I, being mortally afraid to test out Solomon's assertion that "Whoso breaketh a fence a serpent shall bite him." And so we travel along the fence till we come to a large mud hole where a man is trying to mend a broken [illegible] with a sapling and a [illegible] ter. From his gaspi[illegible] lations we learn [illegible] broke [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

fitting to our lads than one built of the soil from which they drew their sustenance and upon which they daily trod? This might be from the city square, the city lot, or from the homestead but forever it would remain sacred to our strong heroes and most beloved dead.

IT was a long while before we got to Ben Thacker's having lost ourselves because of misunderstanding the directions given us. "You go by the muskeg to the left" our mentor had said, "till you come to a ridge on the right. You take the ridge for a mile, or maybe it is two, till you come to a bunch of poplars that are thinner than the other bunches; there you will find a trail—a winter trail that is overgrown now—and you follow this till it forks in three directions. Take the fork to the left and follow it for a mile till you see a ploughed field. Cross this field at right angle when you will see some spruce trees. The house is behind these." There were some other directions which I have forgotten but our real trouble lies in deciding what constitutes "a bunch of poplars" and which bunch is the thinnest one. The trouble becomes more acute as the dinner hour passes and it is nigh three o'clock. The horses drag themselves wearily back over the ground we took hopefully three hours ago. The air seems heavy and fagged, and the flowers are distinctly tired. In one tree, a light-minded bird is weaving her wedding song but, Pah! this time next year she will be only a clod of clay. The joke on all flesh is that it is forever seeking what is undiscoverable and maybe, after all, we shall miss even the ultimate land of heaven. Indeed, this has already been whispered with shrugs and nods.

BUT even as I am thinking these things we come to Ben Thacker's and are assured of it on the authority of Ben himself. He is shearing sheep behind a very closely meshed wire fence. This is called a coyote-proof fence, being constructed after such a manner that no coyote can get through or over it. Ben Thacker says they do get *under* them though, and his story is a rehearsal of the old one we have in [illegible] breakers. The best way to protect sheep from coyotes is to put bells on [illegible] animals think the sheep is a church, a pascal lamb, or something like that And when you come to think of it "the firstlings of the flock" are the earliest animals to be mentioned in Holy Writ and, as such, would seem worthy some special inviolability

Thacker sends his son to the house

The slither of the share on the upturned sod leaves a radiant run of fire all the length of the furrow

with us in order that he may take our [illegible] and introduce us to the family [illegible] When I awake three hours later, supper is over and the men are smoking with their chairs tilted comfortably back against the wall. It had been decided I needed sleep more than food and this must have been a correct diagnosis in that I feel an immense fatigue and have no desire to move talk, or eat.

A MACHINE agent who is also a guest is indulging in a cigar, the smoke of which is mushroomed widely about his head. He is telling concerning a scandal in one of the Albertan Battalions and of how well-known persons of hitherto irreproachable character secured unholy commissions from the purveyors, and of how the money was spent by certain Mesdames on dress and diamonds. I have heard this scandal too, in the city where spoken words always reach an open ear but nevertheless, it is only *dictum de dicto* a report on hearsay which, flexibly translated, means a lie

The story is being received [illegible] amazement by his hearers. In [illegible] emphasis to his words, this man [illegible] is of no small value. He has a way of smoking, and then of not smoking which impresses his hearers with a sense of reservations. There are things he could tell if he only would but he won't. Nothing could persuade him to. In a word, he is using his cigar as a cover for his vacuity and mental dullness

BEN THACKER is a different sort—what we call in the North "good leather." He pulls hard on his pipe and talks straight to the point. He has had a good year, he says, and has paid all arrears of taxes, the balance on his mortgage, and his note at the bank The clearing up of his mortgage affords him special satisfaction in that the Trust Company which was mortagee, charged so many extras he had always in mind the incident of the greedy but unlettered coachman back home in Dorset who put down in his ledger, "pennorth of whipcord, 6 d." Thacker hears that the system of rural credits about to be inaugurated by the provincial legislature is likely to be a great success, and it is rumored that the directors of the loan companies are holding solemn days of fasting and supplication that the Premier and all his Cabinet Ministers may die

THIS sheep-master must be well-off to have got [illegible] much in debt. [illegible] debt hereabout naturally presupposes wealth. One cannot borrow without it. Indeed, this must be so, for Thacker is rotund and comfortable looking, and it was noticeable this afternoon that everything in the yard looked fat, and that the squat [illegible] was fat. A poor man's kettle never croons like this man's kettle, and if you look closely you will see that on the insurance calendars which line the walls, the females are of a distinctly materialistic type

Thacker and his son talk much

Continued on page 22

The Country's Greatest Asset

CHILDREN ARE WORTH MORE TO THE COUNTRY IN DOLLARS AND CENTS THAN IT COSTS TO RAISE THEM PROPERLY. MANITOBA THE FIRST PROVINCE TO RECOGNIZE THIS FACT, HAS SET AN EXAMPLE TO THE REST OF THE DOMINION BY PROVIDING PENSIONS FOR WIDOWS

By Lillian Beynon Thomas

IT IS tough, mighty tough! She did not say it but she looked it, every word of it. The lines in her face said it; the stoop in her figure, the expression in her eyes, her clothes, the atmosphere she created, spoke more insistently than words. Yet she was the mother of four of the country's greatest asset. Four healthy, hungry, growing children. Children if healthy have great appetites and burst through their clothes, and it costs a lot to keep them, and one little woman had to do it all.

Fight! She certainly did. She took the first trench under heavy fire. That was when she consented to leave a comfortable home in the east, and go west and be a pioneer. That trench she took and kept. The next trench was harder still. She took it alone in a shack on the prairie, far from doctors and nurses, when she realized that a force greater than herself had marked her to carry on the banner of life. She was to be a mother.

"You must go home to your mother," her husband said. "This is no place for a woman in your condition." But she saw the trouble in his face and his not too strong body, bent with the toil of a new settler, and she took her next trench. She would stay with him, be it for better or worse. She stayed and as the years came and went she bore three more children, always staying at her post. Finally, the way ahead appeared to become clearer. Success seemed much nearer.

THAT was the forward march. Then came the first reverse and it was not a trifling blow that fate struck at that little wife and mother. "It is tough! Mighty tough!" It was the husband who said it. He had just heard the doctor's verdict. Very little chance of recovery, but a change might help.

"I cannot afford to go away." It was the man who spoke. The doctor shook his head.

"You can go and you will!" It was the little woman who spoke, and there was determination in her eye, and the strength of a love that had grown through years of work together for a common interest, in her voice.

She rented two rooms and sent the children to school, while she went out washing

The husband and father went south and the farm was mortgaged. He died and the farm was sold and the woman and her four children moved to Winnipeg. She rented two rooms and sent the children to school, while she went out washing. But washing is heavy work even once a week, and when six days out of the seven become wash days, it bends the back and wrinkles the face and turns the hair white. Finally it became too much, and rather than see her children starve the mother asked for charity.

SUCH is the history of many cases, and in her defeat the mother gives up a "something" for which she has been working all the years. The country's greatest asset is raised in an obligation to someone, sometimes more and sometimes less. Sometimes more than well fed and sometimes under fed. Sometimes too well dressed and sometimes under dressed, tossed about, subject to the whim of the voluntary giver.

Manitoba was the first Province in the Dominion of Canada to see the illogical nature of such treatment of the children of the Province. It recognized the fact that children are worth more to the country in dollars and cents than it costs to raise them properly. It also recognized the fact that a neglected child very frequently becomes a delinquent child and a delinquent child adds a heavy financial burden to the country.

THE Mother's Pension Act was sponsored by all the women's organizations of the Province, led by the Mothers' Association of Winnipeg. Mrs. John Dick deserves great credit for untiring work in educating the public to see the need of this legislation. It is but fair to say that when the matter was put before the men of the Province, and the legislature, the need was quickly recognized, and no strong opposition was offered.

There are between fifty and a hundred widows in the Province of Manitoba receiving pensions at the present time. These widows have between two and three hundred children, so that there are between three and four hundred women and children already being supported by mothers' pensions, or partly supported by these pensions.

THIS is not a very large proportion of the population of the Province, but it is too large a percentage of the children to allow to start life with a handicap. Not that all the children of widows show any handicap in life but it has been found by actual counting, that a very large percentage of the children of mothers who go out to work and

Continued on page 215.

Her Masterpiece

By Blanche Gertrude Robbins

Illustrated by C. W. Jefferys

PART III.—Concluded

For Synopsis of Parts I. and II. see page 215.

AT DUSK Andrew returned and with him came Justin—the boy of the log cabin home. He was tall and matured for his years and in the scrutiny of her face, as he greeted her, Helena felt that he had analysed her soul.

"Mother, there's a bone of contention on between Burke and Hardy, because Burke has broken a cross trail through Hardy's bush. He argues he's in the right because he's saved a mile in connecting with the settlement. I told them to come down to-night and we'd settle it for them. Got time before supper to help me look up the matter?"

The mother glanced into the oven and washed her hands, calling out, "Get down the books and I will be there in a moment."

Justin took from the shelf a series of books on law and deposited them on the table. The mother and son bent over them studiously, reading aloud paragraphs relating to the subject, discussing in low agitated tones.

Satisfied with the information they had gleaned, Justin restored the books to their shelves. The mother turned with a word of explanation to the [illegible]

"There are many disputes and contentions among the homesteaders. We have no courts of justice for them to appeal to here on the trail. Justin and I have been reading law together since he was a little fellow. We are often able to reason with the disputers. Some day, when Justin has mastered the law at the university, he will come back to the trail, fortified to argue and judge."

Justin, running his eye [illegible] notes in his hand, smiled wisely. "I am looking ahead even further to the time when the trail is all settled with progressive towns and I'm governor-elect. It all lies up to the mothers' votes to put me in."

"Visions of the future with an irresistible government!" responded the woman of the log cabin.

During the evening came the neighbors of the trail with their problems and their good fortune. Edmund Keith and his wife gave freely of their sympathy, wisdom and help.

In silence Helena and Robert sat, listening, wondering how far reaching was the influence of the cabin home. Helena's thoughts went back to her drawing room circle of entertainment.

She had been deliciously content with its luxurious pleasure. But here, she was partaking of something more than mere contentment—life on the trail, mysterious and thrilling, was full of throbbing incident.

Early in the morning Dr. Aleck arrived. He had ridden all night, but he lingered in the home only long enough to examine Helena's injured hand and eat a hasty breakfast.

"I'm wanted at the Dwarf Pine Branch. Mother, pray for me, that I save Phoebe Craig's child. You know she has never borne a living child, for no medical science reached her with the other three. We pioneers cannot afford to lose the future generation. I wish there was a cross-trail leading to Dwarf Pine Branch. I shall often be called up there and I lose precious time riding the long trail."

Robert Clifford sprang to his feet, eagerness in his snapping eyes. "Let me forge that cross trail. My [illegible] aching to break the way. I've never done anything worth while in all my life. Would you intrust it to me, sir?"

Edmund Keith nodded his head emphatically. "Go ahead; you can do it. You have brains and muscle and energy. It shall be known as the Clifford trail. But, man, why didn't you come long ago? Didn't you sense the wilderness calling to you? You were born to the trail breaking."

"I heard the call. Yes, I heard the call, but—" suddenly Robert's voice broke and a dull red suffused his cheek. A stern line crossed his face; but he added less passionately his simple declaration. "It is enough that I have come in time to break the trail to the Dwarf Pine Branch. Shall we begin now?"

As the men went out of the cabin, Helena stood by the window watching, her pulses throbbing with the intensity that had stirred her soul.

And that man, so magnificently powerful, was Robert Clifford. Gone was the drawing room dandy and the inertia that had irritated her.

Always he had come to her with his words of appreciation when she had made some conquest in the world of art. But this morning, when she should have gone to him with the pride burning in her eyes, a sense of awe in the presence of this man, all fire and enthusiasm, held her back.

Gradually, assured of their welcome and lured irresistibly by the interest of the trail, Helena and Robert Clifford settled into the pioneer life of the log cabin home. Robert, energetically bent upon the cross trail he was breaking, toiled early and late in the bush.

Helena wandered about the clearing and along the trails, her eye studying every detail of color and formation. The weeks slipped by, but the trail was pregnant with interest and incident.

Gradually Helena's wrist strengthened and the broken bones of the fingers knitted. As they lost their stiffness, the master touch returned. Restlessly Helena sketched bits of the bush and the trail. But the dream picture had been shattered. These weeks in the log cabin had taught her wisdom. The vision of the dejected, spiritless, dull-eyed woman had faded. The majestic pioneer woman—as she had come to know the wife of Edmund Keith—challenged her to portray on canvas the dominating spirit.

Self-confident that her skill should arouse the emotional pity of the

the trail to paint the woman of her vision.

But her genius shrank from attempt- the portrayal that should arouse the enthusiasm, the reverence of the worldly-wise woman for the pioneer-woman.

Early in the autumn, Christopher came back to the log cabin home, preparatory to returning to the college of the East.

"It's a crying shame to leave the settlement just at the point when the people are picking up English so readily," he mused, his eyes black with their depths of sympathy.

There was silence in the family circle. The mother's hand stretched out and laid on the teacher's knee.

"Christopher, son, you must not be impatient. The trail was not forged in a day; we just pushed on a little at a time. At times your father would be forced to lay aside his blazing axe. Then he would pick up the thread and now you see the main trail finished. It was a long trail; but it had its ending. In time, you will see your vision in work."

Christopher pressed his mother's hand understandingly.

"But that will be but the beginning, Mother," he laughed.

Robert moved his chair back and sprang to his feet, his quizzical, eager glance penetrating Christopher's face.

"What's the matter with my going down to the Scandinavian settlement one night a week? I could teach them simple English. I should glory in helping the immigrant to Canadian citizenship." The deep voice vibrated with sincerity.

"But, man, it's four hours' ride—hardest speed, known to the trail, to the settlement," protested Edmund Keith.

"I'll take an afternoon from the trail breaking and when the night classes are over, I'll ride back in the night," he explained earnestly.

A startled cry broke from Helena. Robert turned questioningly to her.

"But they are not your kind—they are of the common—the foreigners!" she protested hotly.

A dull flush spread over Robert's cheek. A sharp line set above his lips as with his eyes turned from her, he commented steelily: "I have had my vision. I must obey its call."

He followed Christopher out of doors and even, when he returned, no allusion was made to the subject. The next day Christopher rode down the trail and Robert rode with him.

Helena watched them from the cabin door, a sense of hatred in her breast. Never in all their married life—in the days of popularity in the studio—had he left her like this. She was jealous of this vision to teach the new Canadians. She could not understand the impulse that had driven Robert to this strange task.

At sunrise he came riding back, glory radiating his brown eyes, his tanned cheek wet with the sweat from hard riding.

"You will sleep now, for a little," suggested the woman of the log cabin.

"Sleep!" laughed the man, "sleep, when there are such short hours in the day. Why, woman, bless you—this wonderful, great country is so invigorating, that sleep seems a waste of time. Helena, did you ever know of so many tasks to do—so much to accomplish in so little time?"

He did not wait for an answer but hurried out to his trail breaking, that had become a passion with him.

Listlessly Helena gathered her pencils and papers and went along the old trail for a bit of the prospectus that had first interested her.

What was this thing that was working the miracle, endowing Robert with such magnetic personality? She could not meet the flash of his eye, nor feel the brush of his toil-stained hand against her own, that she did not sense the throbbing of her pulses. It was not enthusiasm alone. No, there was a depth to his spirit, that puzzled and awed her.

He had found so much in which to expend his energy, while she had accomplished nothing.

Early in the afternoon she came back to the log cabin. The pioneer woman sat under the pines, her fingers busied with mending. She moved aside to make room for Helena on the bench and held aloft the working blouse, sadly torn. With a little laugh she laid the darning material underneath the tear, her nimble fingers basting.

"Oh, how can you with all your intelligence and wisdom spend time darning a working blouse? And such dreadful tears too. Doesn't it anger you, when your men folk come home from the bush with such holes and tears?" questioned Helena impatiently.

The other woman smiled wisely and drew her needle through the darn in neat stitches. "I have learned to thank God, when the men folk come from the bush with a tear like this in the sleeve, that it is not some horrible, sickening laceration of the arm; that a woman's fingers can mend the hole and no surgeon's knowledge is needed to unite broken bones or muscles. Perhaps it is a foolish expenditure of time, mending these old work-a-day blouses, but I love to do it. I feel so near to Edmund, working on this sort of thing. My heart is singing all the time that I am doing little services like this for Edmund or the boys.

Helena watched in puzzled silence the joyous service, then suddenly turning, she questioned: "Tell me, do you not

[illegible] Does not your conscience some[illegible] reproach you for denying to the [illegible] the pleasure and thrill [illegible]

[illegible] idealize the commonplace [illegible] life."

"You are to be [illegible] replied the other woman [illegible] I am thinking that your [illegible] hang in the limelight for [illegible] To-morrow a new artist [illegible] ideals will assume your [illegible] But the pictures I ha[illegible] of perhaps for ever [illegible] I believe the wil[illegible] national good.'

"Your pictures?" questioned H[illegible] with a start.

"Yes, my pictures," the [illegible] the log cabin answer[illegible] of reminiscence playing in her [illegible]

"I was only twenty when I [illegible] with Edmund to the [illegible] continued, her voice [illegible] string of a violin playing [illegible] tune melody. When we [illegible] our first bit of trail, I was con[illegible] another heart beating under [illegible] We built the first little cabin [illegible] nestled in its retreat, [illegible] for the little one coming to [illegible] home. I could provide so few [illegible] for him that I fretted, fearing the dangers we were subjected to [illegible] leave their fearsome impressions on my baby.

"Then one day there came to me [illegible] vision—the vision of motherhood. [illegible] had endowed me with creative [illegible] Was not this my opportuni[illegible] out my talent? I determi[illegible] fashion my baby, with the [illegible] great Creator, that he should [illegible] ate courage; that he should p[illegible] passion for breaking new countr[illegible]

"When he was born, he was [illegible] child. We named him Andrew, [illegible] means courageous. I reared h[illegible] fearlessness uppermost in [illegible] his father guided his boyish [illegible] the trails. You, who met him [illegible] the trail, understand his [illegible] and the task he has set h[illegible] to accomplish."

Helena dropped her pencils on the ground and clasped her hands in tense pressure over her knee.

"Other men followed our trail. [illegible]

tlers found their way into the bush. We forged further ahead. Then a scourge of illness broke out among the settlers. I was oppressed by the great need of a physician in this wilderness country. I went among the sick and dying, giving help. All the while I was thinking of the babe that was coming Again I saw the vision of Motherhood My baby should become a physician, his heart and soul in the pioneer work. We named him Alexander—a helper of men. You see that he has followed faithfully, wholeheartedly, the mission for which he was created

The glow of tenderness in the other woman's eye, awed Helena. Breathless, she waited for the thread of the story to be caught up again by the silver-tongued voice

"Two sons had I borne for my country and faithful was I in rearing the lives entrusted to my care. Then one day a deep religious experience came to me. I could never explain it But out in the cathedral woods, with all nature pulsing and worshipping God the Creator—in a burst of praise, a voice whispered to me, 'All for self and country and none for Christ'. Then in the sweet solemnity of the cathedral woods, I pledged myself to bear a son for Christ. He should be of all men most manly for I studied deeply the life of Christ. Ah, you too, have felt the influencing spirit of my Christopher-bearing Christ."

A far-away expression dawned in the face of the log cabin woman. With an unmistakable sob in her voice, which melted into the clear ringing tone, she continued.

They came to the spot where the men were lifting the great tree from the crushed body

Settlers flocked along the trail even before we had begun to the end. Home steads quickly took up land all along and [illegible] trail. Women came with the men and bore the brunt and burden of home-making. There were no more restless riders making new countries than the women. But they were denied no privileges. No, they were never trampled down in the struggle. They were splendid and brave and courageous. But their influence and their power was thrust back. We needed a [illegible] with [illegible] our country; to fight our woman's battle.

[illegible] I asked of God—a daughter that I might [illegible] Then [illegible] But I [illegible] with [illegible] of [illegible]

I realized that the most beautiful [illegible] and [illegible] voice, and [illegible] artist ever studied the prospectus for the picture he would create than I studied for the building of the temple for my child-soul

I lived much of the time in the forest, watching for deer and [illegible] the angular [illegible] of the [illegible] the birds [illegible] and [illegible] I watched the [illegible] her smile. I [illegible] and I thought upon our women's burden with [illegible]

We needed the [illegible] of all the [illegible] spirited. And I reared her, ever knowing [illegible] the cold. You see her on the trail [illegible] to the call for [illegible]

[illegible] fearing to break the magnetic spell of the other woman's reminiscences, whispered softly: "And Justin?"

A light broke over face.

"Justin [illegible] Justin's destiny for you have listened to his wise counsels in the wranglings of the settlers. In the birth of Justin I saw the vision of the future Canada when the wilderness [illegible] by an incorruptible government. I saw my boy a leader with strong pure and unselfish ideals. I saw my boy taking [illegible] parliament a leader for the protection of Canada's great [illegible] men and women [illegible] citizenship

[illegible]

"My masterpiece shall be wrought in our wilderness home"

tears to the eye; she had charmed and amused audiences of the art galleries. But never once had she created a picture that had aroused men and women to action.

Always had her soul created with the vision of fame, the star, guiding her on to attain. Never once had she created, that her country might be served. All for self, with never a stroke of the brush to serve another. With a smothered cry, she stumbled to her feet, wandering restlessly into the trail, leading to the cathedral woods, her lacerated soul reasoning, pondering.

Go serve! Go serve! So that was the great passion that dominated the spirit of this marvelous woman of the log cabin; that ever kept the flame of enthusiasm burning in those that toiled along the trail. That was the secret of the passion that was mastering Robert in this new life, into which he had been reborn.

And she, with her own self-centered interests was shrivelling and warping her own soul. She, who had never served must find service or she would die unless her creative genius expended itself in some great masterpiece that raised the fallen to conquest, her torch of enthusiasm must burn out.

Sounds of steps running along the trail caught her ear. She parted the foliage and her eyes, blinded though they were with tears, caught a glimpse of Justin, running white-faced toward the clearing.

"Mother, Mother, come quick with bandages," he called out. "Clifford's met with a bad accident. I'm going down trail on horseback for Aleck. The tree sort of crumpled up on him. He was so enthusiastic he didn't sense he wasn't equal to the biggest jobs. You ll find him a half mile up the new trail."

With a spring like the terrified animal of the wild, Helena broke through the bush to the clearing. "No, no, not that. Tell me it is not true. Tell me he is not hurt so—so terribly," she sobbed hysterically.

The other woman rested her firm, cool hand on Helena's wrist, her voice calm, convincing and reassuring. "We will hope it is not serious. We will run to the new trail. Hurry, Justin, and bring Aleck. Remember he will need your courage, your hopefulness."

Even as she quieted Helena's fears, the woman of the log cabin led the way to the emergency closet of the kitchen, selected her first aid kit and hurried on across the clearing, in the lead.

Panting, their bodies tremulous with their haste, the women ran along the new trail. Then they came to the spot where the men were lifting the great tree from the crushed body.

Helena's tense white face questioned the stern faces of the men, then with a dry sob, she sank on her knees by the side of the unconscious form.

No, she could not spare her husband out of her life. Swiftly before her came the hour in her studio when she had wondered if she could not spare her husband out of her existence more readily than she could blot out her art. That night on the trail, when she had feared for the skill of her fingers, she had suffered no anguish like unto this.

She was dimly conscious of Edmund Keith's wife binding up the torn flesh, then Andrew's voice roused her.

"Don't worry, dearest lady, he'll come to alright. Dr. Aleck is sure to bring him around in quick time. Now that we've got the wounds bound up, we're going to make a stretcher and carry him up to the cabin. Perhaps you'll run along with the mother and get hot things ready"

He gave her a helping hand as she drew herself to a standing posture. The other woman put her arm protectingly around Helena and together they stumbled back across the trail

Swiftly, energetically, they worked preparing the bed, replenishing the fires and warming the blankets. Then as Edmund Keith and Andrew bore the injured man into the cabin, Justin came riding along the trail with Dr. Aleck in his wake.

Dreary, agonizing hours of suspense followed. Helena paced the living room floor, her body tense, her being acutely sensitive to every sound in the room where Robert lay.

Dr. Aleck's brisk, energetic, hopeful figure emerging occasionally from that room gave her confidence. Her dry lips over and over repeated the phrase, "Thank God for the young Trail Doctor," but no sound came from those lips.

Late in the afternoon, Dr. Aleck, with the glory of the conqueror in his smile, came to her.

Continued on page 214.

His Great Discovery

By Edna Aiken

Illustrated by Robert Edwards

THERE was no answer. Again Mr. Wilder spoke. "What time is it?" The drowsiness was slipping from her voice. She raised [illegible] in amazement at the unhollowed smoothness of the other cushion. Her husband was not there. He had not been there at all. Surely she remembered waking to murmur a sleepy good-night to him? No, that was the evening before. She was now thoroughly roused.

She was sending surprised glances by the light of dawn around her simply furnished room, when her husband walked in. Her first breath of relief ended abruptly when she saw his face.

"Why, Roger!" she cried. "What in the world is the matter?"

He came up to the bed and sat on the edge of it, taking both her work-toughened little hands in his, and pressing them fervently. The unused caress tinged her cheeks with girlish color.

"Can you be brave, dear?" he asked her.

She was now thoroughly frightened.

"Roger," she cried sharply, "what has happened? Where have you been?"

He did not answer her first question.

"In the observatory," he replied.

Mrs. Wilder pulled her hands away. He had probably broken another of the observatory instruments, and would insist on replacing it at his own expense, their expense. It was too provoking. And Alma had been promised a store-made jacket. She looked ruefully at her fingers, once so trim and shapely. If Roger would only be a little more careful! But he was speaking, and a word suddenly startled her. "A comet?"

The Professor nodded, repressed excitement burning in his eyes.

"It's a great discovery, Alma, the greatest astronomical discovery of the century. I was searching for another of Jupiter's moons when I discovered it—the comet, I mean. I thought it was Zendt's when I saw it first over a week ago. You remember Zendt's, surely, in my book on comets and their habits? Last night I saw that it was apparently 'way out of its course; I've been at it all night figuring—it's a stray one!" His voice was shaking with excitement.

"Have I ever lived, really lived? I've simply postponed living"

Mrs. Wilder sat up. "I am sure it's going to run into us!" she cried.

"Oh, I can see it in your face!"

The layman would speak of it that way, answered her husband, as though speaking to a small child. "An astronomer's wife should be a little more technical; but that's immaterial now."

His wife gave him his head, as it were. Long years of companionship had taught her that conversational prodding was worse than useless.

"The comet," explained the Professor, "is moving in this direction." His finger described a parabolic curve on her pillow. "On December first, at three a.m., it will be at this point in space." He marked a cross with his pencil. "We are moving apparently away from it, but we will be on our return trip by then, and on December the first, at three a. m., we will be——"

"Where will we be?" cried Mrs. Wilder, with rising excitement.

The Professor pointed gravely to the cross. They stared at each other. Mrs. Wilder fell back. "The world is coming to an end!" she exclaimed.

"If you will persist in employing those childish phrases, Alma," began her husband when the reality of their doom returned to him. But his wife had not heard him. She was trying to grasp the difficult thought of annihilation. Death—she could comprehend that, the thought of her end, with the world swinging on in space as though she had never been, or never had ended. But to have the earth swept out as a sum off the children's slate—she could not picture it. She roused herself to see how her husband was meeting it. His expression was an odd mixture of pride and consternation.

"How is it going to affect you?" she asked. And then, when he did not seem to understand her: "How are you going to live?"

"Why, I'll wind up my affairs so that

the children"—he broke off abruptly.

"That's just what I mean. There won't be any children. There won't be anything. It will be different from all we've ever thought of. We have no plan for it, and there will be eight months and eighteen, no nineteen days of waiting. How are you going to spend them? What will you do with your life?"

The Professor had no answer ready for this emergency. He sat staring into space. What could he do with his life? Go on star-gazing, for what? Keep on computing and calculating, for what? But he had done nothing else for so long: he could do nothing else.

She did not wait for an answer.

"Sit down and wait for destruction to overtake us? I'd be stark crazy in a month." She turned sharply to him. "What are you going to do about your discovery, Roger?"

He was shaken back into his old habit of mind. "Announce it, of course. It's the greatest discovery of the age, Alma. You wouldn't have me announce it? Why not? Why, it will make me famous!"

His wife's response was so swift as to seem pert. "When? After everybody is dead? Famous!"

He stared at her, the pride making way for a complete consternation.

"For there's no proof until we are all wiped out," she continued calmly, now that she was sure of the effect of her words. "Do you suppose other astronomers have already discovered it?" she asked.

"Not quite so soon," he answered slowly, a wisp of pride returning. "Everything is in my favor: the clearness of our atmosphere, the strength of our wonderful lens; and I've specialized, you know, Alma, for years——"

"I know all about that," she interrupted. "But can't you announce your discovery to any of the men likely to follow you, and agree to keep it quiet?"

"I don't understand," he said.

"Can't you see how terrible it would be to launch such an announcement on the world? It would cause a panic. It would usher in a period of crime and lawlessness. Oh, Roger," she urged, "don't think of doing that terrible thing."

"Crime and lawlessness," he echoed.

"No one would think of consequences because there'd be no consequences," she added, pushing two long braids of soft brown hair away from her brilliant eyes. "Look at me, for instance. What was my first thought? And I'm no worse than the rest." She paused. "Is there no chance of some greedy planet gobbling this comet before it gets to us?"

Her husband smiled for the first time that morning. For a professor's wife, Alma certainly was a wonder. But she understood, though her expressions were—well, colloquial.

"I've covered all those chances," he answered patiently. "We are the only body of any consequence which approaches this comet before December first. I hope you follow me, Alma. What are you going to do?" For she was rising from the bed, a thin line of determination dragging down the corners of her mouth.

"I'm going to live, now, this minute."

She was out of bed by this time and had slipped on a kimono, her slender figure looking strangely girlish, with the long Gretchen braids framing her face.

"Roger Wilder, have I ever lived, really lived? I've simply postponed living. I've never complained; you know I haven't, but think of the dreams we had before we were married. You were to go on writing, I painting; you were to visit the galleries abroad with me; I was to go to all the large observatories with you. The very first year, you were offered this professorship. Do you remember how we tried to dare to refuse it? But there was the baby. You said you would take it for a year, the salary seemed so safe—and we are still living on it, trying to live on it, postponing to live on it, on account of it, getting dry as dust with it, choking over it"—a sob caught in her throat. "Oh, Roger!"

He drooped limply into a chair and sat staring at her.

She went on quickly, her blue eyes burning dark as from inward smoky fires.

"I've never spoken before. I've tried to help, not to discourage you. But now! We've been married fifteen years, Roger. Have we ever been anywhere? Where are all our dreams?" She held out two empty hands. "The first year I could not work because of my ill health; just a few poor indoor sketches. The next year there was the boy, and no servant. Don't misunderstand me, Roger; it was the happiest time of my life, but how I worked and I had no time to paint. Next year, another baby, and more work, doing without a servant so that we might save something to keep up your courage, wearing unbecoming gowns. Then I stopped painting. After the twins came, I even gave up dreaming, and buried my brushes and my colors under the walnut tree. You never seemed to remember; I never saw any pictures——"

Wilder looked like a man who had suddenly been waked from sleep-walking.

"And now!" She stretched out her arms to the world. "What have I been saving for, working for, renouncing for, postponing life for? To be swept out on the first of December by the whisk of a comet's tail! Please let me have my room to dress in, Roger. I can't begin to live soon enough. Hurry."

The Professor waited for his wife with the curiosity he would have entertained for a stranger

The Professor waited for his wife at the breakfast table that morning with the curiosity he would have entertained for a stranger. When she came in, he noted a change he could not have described. But there was an imperious lift of the head, a more determined expression than had been hers before.

"Why, you've got on your best dress, mamma," cried Miriam. "Are you going out?"

"I don't like it, dear," was the calm answer. "It's too plain. It will do nicely for a breakfast gown, though."

The two older children stared at her. No one noticed the Professor, who had been shocked into sudden recognition of the life of the woman he had married. He could not take his eyes from her.

"We are going to be a little gayer

Continued on page 230.

Scotland Yet

By A. Stodart Walker

ACHNACARRY, Cameron's pride,
Whose faith is Scotland's weal,
Sends ringing down Lochaber side
The war cry of Lochiel:
"Leave gowks to stalk and coofs to dance,
The Camerons are furth to France."

"Dunkeld and Menzies, Blair and Scone,
Hae gane the ways o' men."
On Rannoch side the harvest moon
Lights up the harried glen;
From croft and castle, glebe and manse
The "Forty-twa" are furth to France.

From Inverary north to Ross,
The flow has run to spate;
From fen and moorland, peat and moss,
Two lads have gone in eight;
With ache of heart but pride of glance,
"Argylls and Seaforths furth to France."

By Lochnager—by Dee and Don,
See Huntly, Farquhar tread,
From lodge and shielding they are gone,
The hungry ranks are fed;
The girls seem walking in a trance,
The Gordons gay are furth to France.

From Dunnet Head to Sands o' Dee,
From loan and mountain pass;
The Isles are swept from sea to sea,
From Lewis round to Bass;
The pipes are filled, the horses prance,
The Guards and Greys are furth to France.

The Borderers from Berwick town,
The Scots from deep Glencorse;
The Fusiliers from Banks o' Doon,
Light Infantry in force;
The Scottish Rifles look askance
At men who go not furth to France.

For Scotland's king and Scotland's law,
They "Dree'd their weird" in turn;
On Flodden Field and Philiphaugh,
These sons of Bannockburn;
And now their glory to enhance,
They fight with England furth in France.

The aged chieftain takes his way
Slow down the stricken glen,
And speaks of fame and things agley,
"A few may come again,
But God was good to grant this chance
To fight for freedom furth in France."

Current Events in Review

Comments by the Leading Periodicals Upon Affairs of Interest in the Dominion and Empire

THE fear that politics might play too important a part in the application of our conscription measure, has been expressed by our press on several occasions. The following from the *Literary Digest*, shows plainly that the Yankees have the same sort of a fearsome feeling.

Political influence, or "Pull," in the working of the draft-exemption boards is a peril various journals foresee with alarm, and in their support they have no less an authority than the President himself, who sounded a note of caution on this very point in his proclamation announcing the rules and regulations governing the selection of men for service in the national war-army. In Illinois the Chicago *Tribune* remaks that the presence of a number of politicians on the exemption boards named by Governor Lowden "suggests that there is a real danger that some of these boards may allow political considerations to control their decisions," and it hopes that the danger is only apparent and not actual. The Chicago *Herald* says the average of the appointments on the exemption boards for that city appears good, but while there are names on the list that commend themselves instantly for fitness and high character, others cause an impression due to "a certain extent from the fact of political affiliation." The appointees are a part of the most important machinery yet devised since the beginning of the war, *The Herald* proceeds, and it will be for them to see that the Draft Law shall not "by the tolerance of evasion be converted into such an instrument of discredit as will bring the law itself into disrepute."

In a Washingrton dispatch to the Socialist New York *Call*, the charge is made that both Republicans and Democrats were wrangling for places on the exemption boards "in order that one party or the other may have an opportunity to punish their political foes by sending the sons to the trenches.' We read further that A. Mitchell Palmer, former Congressman from Pennsylvania, charged Governor Brumbaugh with appointing only Republicans on exemption boards, which means according to Palmer, that sons of Democrats who voted for Wilson will be sent to the front. Boise Penrose, remarks *The Call*, says there is nothing in Palmer's charge, but the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* thinks that although it may or may not have been prompted by partizanship, Representative Palmer none the less has raised a question which will be profoundly disturbing to the nation.

WHAT purports to be a diary of a corporal with the Princess Pats published in a recent issue of the *Saturday Evening Post*, gives a vivid description of what the Canadians had to go through during those first months of the war when the Germans were shoving though their first big offence. For example this description of storming a trench by the Germans:

Following the beating off of their infantry attack the Germans gave us a short breathing spell until their machine guns were trained on our parapet and a school of light field guns dragged up into place. The aeroplanes came out again, dropping to within three hundred feet of our trench, and with tiny jets of varicolored smoke bombs directed the terribly accurate fire of their guns, already so close to us but so well insured against any harm from us that they attempted no concealment. And the big guns on the right completed the devastation.

This continued for another half hour, at the end of which time there remained intact only one small traverse in the trench, which owed its exi[illegible] to the fragment of chicken wire that held its sides up. The remainder was absolutely wiped out. This time [illegible] was no rapid fire, nor even any [illegible] ing over the top to see if the enemy were coming on. Instead, the Germans fairly combed the parapet with their machine guns. Each ind[illegible] of curiosity from us drew forth [illegible] them such a stream of fire that the [illegible] of the parapet spat forth a [illegible] shower of flying mud, which m[illegible] impossible for us to defend o[illegible] properly, even had there been [illegible] of us to do so.

The rest was chaos, a bit of pure hell. Men struggling, buried alive and look ing at us for the aid they [illegible] ask for. Soldiers all. And t[illegible] mans now pouring in in waves [illegible] sides, and especially from our t[illegible] tected flanks and rear, hindered or [illegible] the desultry rifle fire of our two [illegible] ened companies in the support t[illegible] We were receiving rifle fire from [illegible] directions and bayonet thrusts [illegible] the Germans on the parapet. M[illegible] down like sheep. And as they [illegible] on they trampled our dead and [illegible] ed our wounded

The machine-gun crew had gone [illegible] last I think Sergt. [illegible] with them, too; at least he was near there a short time before, and I [illegible] saw him or any of the gun crew [illegible] The only living soul near that [illegible] Royston, dragging himself out [illegible] under a pile of debris and covered [illegible] mud and blood, his face swollen to twice its normal size, blinded for the moment.

George Easton was firing with me at the gray mass of the oncomi[illegible] "My rifle's jammed!" he cried.

"Take mine." And I stooped to get one from a casualty under foot. But a moment later my bayonet [illegible] broken off by a shot as I fired from the parapet. I shouted wildly to Cosh to toss me one from near by.

Just then the main body of the Germans swarmed into the end of the trench. Bugler Lee shouted to [illegible]

Sapper Norman S. Rankin, who gave up his captain's commission to go overseas as an enlisted man with the engineers, after waiting two years for the call to his regiment, writes from camp in England, where he is now stationed, in sound of the big guns across the channel.

"You will be pleased to know that out of thousands of magazines, provided by friends at Halifax for the overseas troops' entertainment on the voyage over, the very first one put into my hands was a copy of Canada Monthly, and you may be sure I greeted it like an old friend."

"I'm shot through the leg." A couple of us seized him, planning to go down to where the communication trench had once been. But he stopped us, saying: "It's no good, boys. It's a dead end! They're killing us."

Cosh swore. "Don't give up, kid!" A German standing a few yards away raised his rifle and blew his head off. Young Brown broke down at this—th[illegible] had just done in his wounded pal [illegible] Look what they've d[illegible] Dargie," and fell to weeping. And with that another put the muzzle of his rifle against the boy's head and pulled the trigger.

The Cost of Alcohol

IN these days of war stress we hear much talk of eliminating waste. The Prohibitionists tell us that we are wasting enough in alcoholic beverages every day to feed the nation. According to figures presented by a writer in *World's Work* the "Prohibs" seem to have quite a case. The following are a few of the more startling facts presented:—

4,000,000 people could live for 100 days on the rye now used for drinkables.

56,000,000 people could live for 100 days on the corn meal so used.

16,000,000 people could live for 100 days on the rice so used.

76,000,000 people could thus be kept from starvation for 100 days on these three cereals alone.

That is, the population of England could subsist on these food supplies for nearly six months.

The population of France could subsist for nearly seven months.

In other words, the saving from these three cereals alone could conceivably win the war for the Allies.

Fifty-two million bushels of barley, 42 million bushels of corn, and 12 million bushels of rice are yearly used in the manufacture of alcoholic liquors in the United States. At the average yield per acre, the land required to yield these wasted cereals is about 3 million acres.

Broadway, New York, fourteen miles long, and Fifth Avenue, seven miles long, have together about 8,000 street entrances of houses that are numbered. As there are 200,000 saloons in America, if every doorway on Fifth Avenue and Broadway were the entrance to a bar, and all the bars were on these streets, these thoroughfares would have to be respectively 350 miles long and 175 miles long.

Not all liquor is carried by the railroads, but a large part of the total is. One year's supply were all carried in [illegible] train by rail, in cars of the high[illegible]rage capacity of 100,000 pounds, [illegible],000 cars would be required and the train would be 126 miles long.

Copyrighted by John T. McCutcheon —McCutcheon in the Chicago *Tribune*.

How to Make the Draft a Success.

German Divisions Depleted

UNDER the above heading a correspondent from headquarters, in the *Weekly Times* of London, gives some interesting facts regarding the German army in Frai

The wastage of German effectives in the first weeks of the combined Anglo-French offensive is best shown by the melting of the enemy's strategic reserve on this front.

When the offensive opened the Germans had in France 147 divisi[illegible] which 42 were in reserve. [illegible] of 42 divisions consisted en[illegible] fresh troops. By the end of April it had dwindled to 12 divisions. Si[illegible] then the enemy has built up his reserve anew. It now totals 40 divisions, equally divided between the Germ[illegible] Crown Prince and Crown Prince Rupprecht, but of these 28 are divisions that have been engaged either on the British or French battle front, have suffered heavy loss, and have been reformed.

It is characteristic of the enemy's new method of economizing his best troops at the expense of the others that he refuses to allow his few remaining fresh divisions to be reduced. Exhausted divisions which can no longer be kept in the battle line change places with divisions which have been holding some quiet sector of the front, but the reserve of fresh troops is never meddled with, and seemingly still remains at the total of 12 divisions, eight being behind the front of the German Crown Prince and four behind that of Crown Prince Rupprecht.

Of the whole 155 German divisions now in France, 112 have been engaged either on the British or French front of attack, and 23 of them have reappeared after having been once withdrawn on account of their losses. Of the 43 divisions which have not yet taken part in the battles, either of Artois or Champagen, 18 are Landwehr, and considered by the Germnas themselves as unfit for heavy fighting. The remaining 25 consist of the 12 fresh divisions in reserve and 13 fresh divisions holding quiet sectors of the front.

It is known that between 90 and 100 enemy divisions have been withdrawn from the battle fronts since the beginning of the offensive. The rate of wastage of enemy divisions under the pressure of the great Anglo-French attacks is shown by the following figures —The divisions opposed to the British

at the opening of the offensive in April were relieved after six days' fighting; those opposed to the French on the heights of the Aisne were withdrawn after the four days' hard fighting ending April 20. The Germans engaged in the battle of Messines were withdrawn after two days'. The average stay of a German division on the active fronts is about 15 days.

Canada's Crop Possibilites

THE next thirty days will see a mighty big problem solved for Canada—a problem upon which our circumstances for the next year will largely depend. This is the matter of our wheat crop. The Empire is looking to Canada more than ever as a bread basket. It is interesting to note what chance we have of fulfilling the Empire's expectations. In the report of grain acreage recently posted in the Winnipeg Exchange, there is an increase of 151,483 acres of grain seeded in Manitoba over the acreage of 1916. The figures for the various cereals were:

	1917	1916
Wheat	2,853,362	2,994,529
Oats	2,230,005	2,082,411
Barley	1,270,724	1,153,660
Flax	63,605	55,608
	6,417,696	6,286,208

The report for Alberta also shows quite a large increase, as follows:

	1917	1916
Spring Wheat	1,420,000	1,550,075
Winter Wheat	10,000	18,763
Oats	1,500,000	1,394,927
Barley	250,000	297,967
Flax	50,000	43,364
Rye	12,000	12,934
Spelts	3,000	2,342
Green Feed	1,000,000	505,044
Total	4,245,000	3,825,416

The Northwest Grain Growers' Association at a little earlier date summarized the acreage in the three Provinces, as follows:

	1916	1917	Per Ct Dec
Wheat	13,800,000	12,750,000	7.6
			Inc.
Oats	6,976,000	7,470,000	7 1
Barley	1,335,000	1,400,000	4 6
Flax	637,000	690,000	8..3

Grain Situation June 7, 1917:

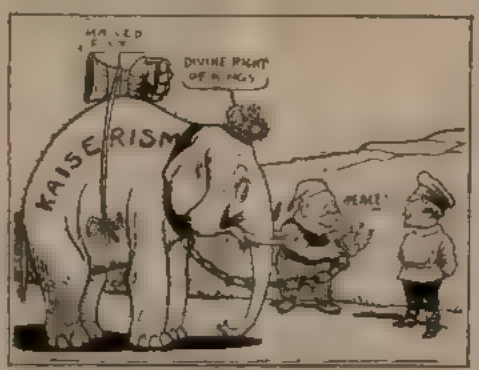
Wheat inspected to date	165,000,000
In transit, not inspected	3,350,000
In store at country points	10,675,000
Used for seed, feed and country mills	35,000,000
In farmers' hands to market	11,500,000
Total	225,725,000
Less dual inspection (est.)	3,000,000
Total wheat crop	222,725,000
Oats inspected to date	82,080,000
Oats in transit not inspected	1,150,000
Oats in store at country points	4,120,000
Oats in farmers' hands to market	9,500,000
Barley inspected to date	8,500,000
Barley in transit, not inspected	120,000
Barley in store at country points	600,000
Barley in farmers' hands to market	1,000,000
Flax inspected to date	5,540,000
Flax in transit, not inspected	150,000
Flax in store at country points	300,000
Flax in farmer's hands to market	500,000

McConnell in the *Toronto News*.

Hon. W.J. Hanna is Canada's Food Controller.

The Saskatchewan Department of Agriculture covers the grain siuation in that Province as follows:

All grain crops in Saskatchewan are making rapid progress and prospects are very encouraging, is the sum and substance of reports received by the Department of Agriculture. Wheat is now in the shot blade in a great many places, although the frosts have retarded the growth in some parts, but the majority of the grain is from eight to ten inches high. Sufficient rain has now fallen to insure good growth and warm weather is needed generally. The wet weather has caused a quick growth of weeds, especially in summer fallow lands, however, little or no damage is noticed from any other cause. Fifty per cent. of the summer fallowing is now done and indications point to a slight increase in the area to be fallowed.



—*Evening News* (London)

A Present From William.

Frau—Now, Comrade, that you have got rid of Carl's surplus value on bad food, in your home for the poor, what have we

Ivan—"And what about the elephant?"

Frau—"Oh, that is thrown in with the dove!"

The hay crop will be slightly below the average owing to the want of moisture earlier in the season. Pastures are, however, improving since the rain came. Swine appear to be slightly on the decrease owing no doubt to the high cost of feed, but good success is noted in the raising of hogs this season, the litters being well up to the average.

J. M. McGreevy, financial editor of the Calgary "News Telegram," points out that labour will be one of the big problems the Western farmers will have to face:

"One problem confronts the whole south Alberta country, however; it is the labor aspect. Hardly are there enough men in the country now to take care of the work to be done at the present itme, and there is every reason to believe that there will not be one-third enough men to take care of the work of the farms during the coming harvest season.

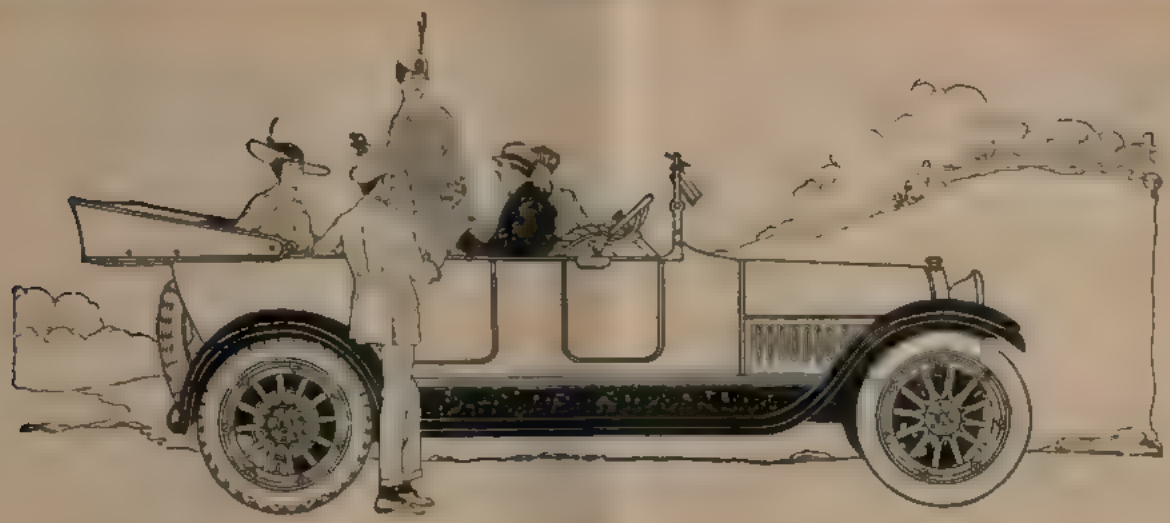
"The farmers all realize the danger and are appealing to the United Farmers' Association and other agricultural representatives to rouse both Provincial and Dominion Governments to the seriousness of the situation. It is probably not an over-estimate to say that Southern Alberta alone will require 5,000 additional men to harvest this year's crop, and so far as is evident to date there is little prospect of securing the number required.

"Inspection and investigation at the boundary is stricter than ever and this being generally known on the American side has prevented much farm labor coming in from the United States. It is improbable that there will be any great number come in from the Republic, unless a special propaganda is carried on by the government with a view to bringing immigration of farm help about.

The Government should go into the grain business in 1918, according to an interview credited to Hon. Duncan Marshall, Provincial Minister of Agriculture in the Calgary "Albertan," as follows:

That the Dominion Government would do well to set about breaking and preparing 500,000 acres of land in Western Canada for a crop next year to help offset the world's food shortage that is surely pending, is the opinion of the Hon. Duncan Marshall, Minister of Agriculture, who is now attending the Fair. With production in Europe largely stopped, the possibility of a grave world shortage in foodstuffs is regarded by Mr. Marshall as a very real one, and he believes that Canada's vast idle territories should be brought into use to help meet the emergency. There would be no trouble in securing that amount of land, he asserts. Government tracts, railway lands and other idle sections could be readily secured."

Studebaker
Established 1852



The Studebaker
—a Comfortable Car

COMFORT in the motor car has been a thing of slow growth.

Motoring comfort means more than mere depth of upholstery.

Power is the most important of all motor car comforts. There is no reason why the driver should not ride with as much ease as the others in the car, and with as little strain as possible. Studebaker gives the driver a motor that is responsive on the instant to conditions of traffic and road.

A high type of motor car also requires that other features of its operation be elevated to the same plane of responsiveness.

The Studebaker motor is powerful and flexible, reducing the necessity of continually shifting gears.

The Studebaker is noted for the ease with which it steers. A gentle influence on the steering wheel is sufficient to guide it, and, because of perfected balance, it keeps the road, driving straight as an arrow without sidesway.

Clutch and brake levers are easily operated, making the Studebaker an ideal car for women to drive. A gentle pressure of the foot is all that is required.

Studebaker cars are roomy, with wide doors. And plenty of leg room is another mighty important feature of the comfortable car. The front seats are individual and form-fitting. Both seats are adjustable, forward and back. The seat next to driver's is reversible—another Studebaker comfort feature. The tonneau is big and roomy. Underneath the rear seat are two auxiliary arm chairs which pull out easily and quickly when required.

Studebaker cars are upholstered in semi-glazed genuine leather, built over long coiled springs and genuine curled hair

Freedom from mechanical trouble, the silence of all moving parts, even beauty of lines and finish, are all conducive to maximum comfort—because they mean complete satisfaction.

Before you buy any car you owe it to yourself to carefully consider all of these points. If there is any one place where comfort is needed and appreciated, it is in a motor car. Examine the Studebaker—ride in it—you will find that to equal Studebaker cars you must pay from $200 to $400 more than Studebaker prices

FOUR-CYLINDER MODELS

FOUR Roadster	$1375
FOUR Touring Car	1375
FOUR Landau Roadster	1635
FOUR Every-Weather Car	1675

All Prices F. O. B Walkerville

STUDEBAKER
WALKERVILLE, - ONTARIO

SIX-CYLINDER MODELS

SIX Roadster	$1685
SIX Touring Car	1685
SIX Landau Roadster	1960
SIX Every-Weather Car	1995
SIX Touring Sedan	2945
SIX Coupe	2810
SIX Limousine	3430

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Come out of the Kitchen!

Cook in Comfort this Summer with the help of

"Canadian Beauty" Electric Helps

Toaster-Stove-Grill

This goes on the dining table or in a bedroom for light housekeeping. Broils, boils, fries, toasts, makes tea or coffee.

An Electric Iron that Makes a Stove as Well

This shows our Model A Electric Iron. It has a separate Back Stand which adjusts to the handle, making a stove or a stand for the iron. Beautifully finished. We guarantee the heating element for ever.

When you cook the "Canadian Beauty" way, you stay out of the kitchen altogether. Put the "Toaster-Stove-Grill" on the dining-room table,—turn on the electricity—and cook the entire meal while you sit at the table.

Instead of the kitchen stove blazing all day on ironing-day, use a "Canadian Beauty" Electric Iron and keep yourself and the house cool.

THERE IS A DEALER nearby who will show you the complete line of these Electric Comforts—if not, write for catalogue.

RENFREW ELECTRIC MFG. CO., LIMITED
RENFREW, ONT.

Toasts 2 slices at each side. Keeps tea and toast hot on the top shelf.

Her Masterpiece

· Continued from page 206.

"He's coming around fine, Mrs. Clifford, though he's a bit delirious yet from the blow he got on the head. But the heart's working like an eight-horse-power motor again and the wounds will heal in no time. Run along in and cheer him up."

Strangling the sob that rose convulsively in her throat, she moved swiftly into the room. The man's restlessness was apparent and his wanderings startled her. Dropping by the bedside, she rested her cheek against his black head

"Oh, God, the glory of the wilderness—the trail—the trail—just as I dreamed it long ago. Boys—another blow of the old axe—the clearing—ah, this is life for the man—a blazer of trails—the city will smother—but—but I can't forget Helena's genius—" The voice trailed away into unintelligible mutterings. Helena's hot tears fell on the pillow.

"Oh, God, spare him—spare him to me," she breathed, entreatingly.

The man opened his eyes, the light of recognition in them. "You—here, Helena—but I thought I was on the trail—the—the tree—"

"Yes, yes, the tree fell and crushed you. But, oh Robert, God spared you. Dr. Aleck says you'll be back blazing your trail in a day or two," she gasped, her fingers caressing his hot temples.

With a tired smile, he closed his eyes and as Helena watched, he fell into a quiet sleep.

At eventide he roused and lay for a little watching Helena, an expression of wonderment in his eyes. For her fingers were busied with the needle, that she drew through the sleeve of the working blouse that had been so cruelly torn by the crushing blow of the tree. As she sat mending, working the expression of her over-burdened heart, into this, first service rendered to the man she loved, her brain cleared and her taut nerves relaxed. A mist gathered in her eyes as she met the man's searching look and she turned her head away.

"What troubles you, little woman?" he questioned anxiously. "I will soon be up out of this and we will go back to your studio and all that is so dear to you

"Stop, listen," she interrupted tremulously, passionately, "Robert, dearest, can you ever forgive me? You, with your great generous heart have been so blind—sacrificing all those years for my selfish ambitions.

"While I have been painting pictures that will fade on drawing room walls, the woman of this log cabin home has been creating living pictures—helpers of men and women. And I have ever held you back from the accomplishment of great things.

"Listen! we will stop here in this wilderness, by the side of the trail. You will make a clearing and build a log cabin home. You will go on breaking trails. We shall begin life anew. Sometimes I will ride down the main trail with you to the Settlement of the Strangers. Maybe I can teach the women folk out of my world-wise lore——"

"But—little wife—your art—your masterpiece?" questioned the man with incredulity, the lustre of enthusiasm suddenly glowing in the dull, expressionless eyes.

The glory of a new vision radiated Helena Clifford's face. "My masterpiece shall be wrought in our wilderness home—not by my genius alone, but with the help of the Creator. His name shall be called Victor—Conqueror," she answered softly

The End.

An Impossible Stride.

"Young man," said an inquisitive old lady to a tram-conductor. "if I put my foot on that rail shall I receive an electric shock ?"

"No mum," he replied, "unless you place your other foot on the overhead wire

The Country's Greatest Asset

Continued from page 202

leave the children without care, become a liability and not an asset to the country. The children spend their time on the street, and in that University get a course that too often leads to trouble. Many a widow has had to apply for relief, because of ill-health, and that ill-health has been caused as much by worry as work. It is a heart-breaking thing for a mother to see her children drifting into wrong ideas of life and be unable because of lack of time, to lead them into the right path

A widow's pension is not charity. It is payment for work done for the state Such mothers might be called civil servants. The state undertakes to pay the mothers who are capable and willing, a salary for keeping a home properly for their children. Because the pension is a salary, the mother as an employee of the body paying the salary, must be willing to accept instruction and advice as any other employee has to do. It is a recognition by the state of the fact that the business of being a mother is not learned by instinct, but is a profession, and those who draw a salary for that profession must know their business

The matter of supervision is one on which there has been some difference of opinion. The old school still maintains that the fact of bearing a child brings with it instinctive knowledge of how to care for the child. The new school insists that while mother love and tenderness are valuable, still the women who receive a salary from the state for being mothers should learn all that it is possible to know about the business.

The pensions are given freely and enough to each mother to enable her to stay in her home and care for her children. The estimated cost of living for a widow with four children, the children ranging in age from four years to fourteen years, is fifty-five dollars and ten cents a month. The smallest pension being paid is five dollars a month, and the highest is sixty-four dollars a month. Those who receive very small pensions have other sources of income. Some own their own homes, others have some means but not enough to support the whole family. The great majority receiving pensions receive between thirty and forty dollars a month. It is interesting to note that only very few children of fourteen or over are receiving any benefit from these pensions.

It must be remembered that this scale of living was worked out for the Province of Manitoba in the year 1916, and while there may still be places where fifty-five dollars and ten cents a month will keep a mother and four children in comfort, there are very few. It is cer-

The Real Food for Humans

Eat whole wheat—the real food for humans—you don't have to live on corn in order that the Allies may have wheat.

There is plenty of wheat for Americans and Allies—but you must demand the whole wheat in all breadstuffs. Eat whole wheat for breakfast—eat it for every meal—but be sure it is prepared in a digestible form.

Shredded Wheat Biscuit

is 100 per cent. whole wheat prepared in a digestible form—something that cannot be said of ordinary whole wheat flour bread.

Shredded Wheat is whole wheat thoroughly steam-cooked, then drawn into fine, filmy shreds, then twice baked in coal ovens. Nothing is thrown away—every particle is retained, including the outer bran coat which is so useful in keeping the bowels healthy and active.

Two or three of these crisp, brown loaves of baked whole wheat with milk and sliced bananas, or other fruits, make a nourishing, strengthening, satisfying meal at a cost of a few cents.

Made in Canada by

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A unique Hotel of 250 rooms with a most desirable location insuring quiet, convenience and cleanliness. Cuisine and service unexcelled by the leading hotels of the larger cities.

European Plan, $1.50 per Day and Up
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NO MORE GRAY HAIR!

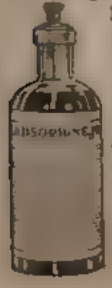
The free trial bottle of MARY T. GOLDMAN'S HAIR COLOR RESTORER proves how quickly gray hair disappears when this scientific restorer is used. Simply applied with special comb; leaves hair clean, fluffy and natural; does not interfere with washing. Make this test on a lock of hair and you will never accept a cheap imitation. Then buy a full sized bottle from your druggist or direct from me. **But be sure that the bottle you buy is the *real Mary T. Goldman's.***

Send for trial bottle today and say whether your hair is naturally black, dark brown, medium brown or light brown. If possible, send a lock in your letter.

Mary T. Goldman
[illegible] Temperance St., Toronto, Can.
714 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
Established 50 Years

Free Trial Bottle

Aches and Pains
vanish quickly after applying this powerfully efficient liniment.



Absorbine, Jr.
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

[illegible] expected of a liniment. Inexpensive and daintily a positive antiseptic and germicide.

Acts promptly in allaying pain, reducing sprains and wrenches.

$1.00 a bottle. Druggists or postpaid.

W. F. YOUNG, P. D. F.
[illegible] Stdg., Montreal, Can.

tainly the minimum cost of living in Manitoba at the present time.

The women who are elegible for pensions are Canadian women, born or naturalized, who have been living two years in the Province, continuously before their husband's death, and whose husband died in the Province. They must be able to care for their children and keep a home for them. The Act has also been stretched to include women whose husbands are in jail or in an asylum or other institution, where he is receiving care, and cannot care for his family.

As the local municipalities duplicate the government grant, each municipality handles its own cases and sends recommendations to the Provincial Commission. The local committees are voluntary committees, and composed of from three to six people. Any widow in the municipality wishing a grant must apply to this committee. This committee discusses the case and if it thinks advisable sends a recommendation to the Provincial Commission, which meets in Winnipeg and is the final board, beyond which there is no appeal.

The Provincial Commission, which was appointed by the Government, does not receive pay, but as stated, in its hands is the final interpretation of the Act. The Act has not yet been in force a year, but all who have had anything to do with administering it are most enthusiastic in their praise of the good accomplished. Like everything else, the road the Commission must travel is not always smooth. There are applications based on real need that must be thrown out beacuse of some technicality. Other applicants are in need because of laziness or inefficiency, the mothers being people not fit to be employees of the state. Such cases of course are most difficult to handle

Careful statistics are being kept and no doubt many important facts will be deduced from them. At present it is much too soon to come to any conclusions, but one terrible thing has been noted, and that is that fully one-fifth of the husbands of the women who applied for pensions died from tuberculosis. This is doubtless a greater percentage than an average statistical return would show. Tuberculosis is so slow and deliberate in its attack, and the patient is always so hopeful, that there is usually a long and expensive fight. In that fight the savings of years often go very quickly, and it is the widows of the men who die of this disease who will be more likely to need assistance than the widows of men whose illness is not a long one. But it is an important fact that the percentage is so high.

The full value of widows' pensions will not be realized until every Province has a widows' pension act. At the present time in Manitoba there are limitations to the power of the Commission that there would not be if every Province in the Dominion of Canada had a similar act. For instance, a widow who lived all her life in Manitoba until six months before her husband's death, cannot get a pension because he did not die in the Province. They had moved west for his health and so were not residents. This restriction is necessary to keep the widoas from all over the Dominion from hastening to Manitoba. But when the women in all the Provinces realize the importance of such legislation, Widows' Pensions will be a Dominion-wide Act, and such small restrictions will not be necessary. "In a man's country 'tis property they legislate for, in a woman's country it would doubtless be for life; in a country where both men and women legislate, there should be a due regard for both.

Politics and Politicians

Continued from page 192.

The conscription Liberals now constitute a separate party or distinct group in the house, but the speeches of Mr. Graham and Mr. Pardee in the extension debate disclosed how hard it is for old party war horses to maintain an even keel in troubled political waters. They may have to form an alliance, or even a coalition, with the Borden government, but they find it hard to break altogether with their old party associates and their old time Chief. Curious changes may come about during the course of a long drawn out campaign, and while, after the next election, there is bound to be something in the nature of a coalition government, one cannot be altogether certain but that Sir Wilfrid Laurier may rise again from the sepulchre into which he was lately lowered down by twenty-six of his former parliamentary supporters. The main issue between the English provinces and Quebec seems to be so vital and simple as to make the result of the election absolutely certain, but as the late Sir John Macdonald once shrewdly observed:

> "There is nothing more uncertain than a horserace except an election."

A good story is told of the practical resourcefulness of the late Bishop Wordsworth, of Salisbury.

An unexpected large party came to an "At Home" at the palace, and a crush was feared round the tea tables.

His lordship grasped the situation, and prevented one hundred squeezing into a room suitable for thirty by saying during a pause in the conversation:

"Will all ladies over forty kindly go down to the tea-room?"

A very limited number responded.

The First Icelander

Continued from page 198.

rest of the day there was a *rain* of fire from both sides. You may not believe it, Mick, but I am telling you the gospel truth when I tell you my finger was actually sore from pulling the trigger, and I didn't fire at the air, every bullet I fired was 'out for business.' Finally night came on and the firing eased up a bit much to my relief, because that morning I would have bet anybody two bits that I'd never see sundown, but, you know, Mickey, I always was a lucky devil. The following day was not quite so bad, not such a terrible shower as the day before. That night about sundown the enemy ceased firing. We also ceased firing. Everything seemed to be quiet. For a few minutes it was hard to realize that we were on a field of death and destruction, because it was quiet enough to be Assiniboine Park. Then the Germans started calling to us and we replied. I asked one guy if he had had his rum yet, and he said No, so I told him he didn't deserve any. Then followed a bang, but not yet, mister German, for little Halli was down in the bottom of the trench lighting his pipe of navy cut. You see, Mickey, they are very rude, just because I told him he didn't deserve any rum, he took a pop at me. They are very careless with their firearms, they keep firing at us just as if there was a war on, one of these days they'll be hitting some of our chaps but they don't seem to care. If they hit our chaps they're not a bit sorry. I tell you what it is, Mick, they got no dam manners, but, believe me, we're going to teach the beggars some manners."

His hands, as he wrote, were "so bally cold" he could hardly hold the pen.

There was a waggishly prophetic touch towards the last—"Just got a letter from my brother saying he had joined the Strathcona's. Well, good luck to him, but I just ben a-thinkin' if the war ain't over before he gets here, there ain't gona be much left o' this here child. So I am just a-hopin' this here firework game will be over before he gets here."

The last line was an urgent request to know if the "Monarchs got the silverware."

On the heels of the letter the ruthless lists began to come in, and little Halli with his philosophy, "if they're going to get you, they'll get you and that's all there is to it," with his sunniness, "You know, Mickey, I always was a lucky devil," with his drollery, "Not yet, mister German. . . . . they got no dam manners," with his prophetic "There ain't gona be much left o' this here child," little Halli, after a fevered week at Le Touquet, was gone forever

Why I Lunch on Puffed Wheat

A man on a train, a few weeks ago, told a friend why he lunched on Puffed Wheat. And we think that thousands of men will endorse his view.

He said, "It saves me a dull hour or two. The brain doesn't work well when the stomach is taxed

"Here is a whole-grain food, steam exploded. Every food cell is blasted. I know Prof. Anderson, the man who invented it. And he tells me that no other process makes whole-grain so easy to digest.

"Then it makes a great dish Note these bubble-like grains, thin and toasted. They taste like puffed nuts. And a dish makes a meal, because they are clear nutrition."

For the same reason—though he did not say it—they make an ideal night dish for a child

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For breakfast or supper, float like bubbles in a bowl of milk. Salt or douse with melted butter for between meal confections Use like nut meats with candy or on ice cream

Keep plenty on hand, and both kinds, for there are no other foods like these

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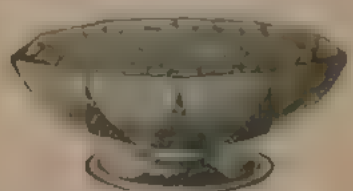

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Outside there, Mickey is staring sombrely and unseeingly through the mist of rain at the bulletin-boards where the Lusitania lists grow blacker and longer. In the office behind, the men have started their talk again across the cluttering of the adding-machine.

"Is there anything we can do—in his memory, I mean ?" asked the accountant.

"I don't know—there's the girl," hesitated the ledger-keeper.

"Was he engaged, then ?" the accountant's accent was of surprise.

"Oh, not just engaged, I guess" admitted the ledger-keeper. "There a girl at the factory—they went together. But they were both just kids"

"Just Kids"—the little girl left behind at the factory, Nat in a prison-camp in Germany, and Halli in his new grave in a growing little plot full of small wooden crosses, and no more running of young warm blood in his wrists.

The Owner of 28 Above

Continued from page 196.

ever pipe her before, Mamie ?" asked Squid, his eyes narrowing.

"Naw ! We aint in the same lodge, as you might say."

"Do you think that if she was out of the way, you would have a chanct with Jack ?" he asked with brutal frankness.

"I know I'd die sooner than quit tryin' ", answered the woman.

"Well, I'll put a flea in his ear, fer you, to-night, if you'll leave him alone long enough fer me to win some of my dough back," suggested Squid Kent.

"To-night ?" echoed Mamie. "Is Jack goin' to Denny's, after all ?"

"Why, ain't he ? I never thought nothing else, but that he was ! You don't reckon he's goin' to bed, like a nice little boy, with his woman caperin' away in Dawson with her—"

"Come on, quick ! Let's get ready!" the other cried, getting into her furs with feverish haste. "I'll turn him over to you, Squid, if you'll mention what we seen jest now. An' Squid, don't pile it on too thick, you know; he mightn't believe too much all at onct. But look !" she stooped before the stove where Kate had stood, "if here ain't one of her fake roses. He'll know that you wasn't stringin' him, by that !"

Burnside and Kate reached the Arctic Brotherhood Hall without further mishap. The building was gorgeously decorated, as befitted the occasion, the orchestra was one which can only be gathered together in the hey-dey of a great mining camp, so the boys will tell you, an orchestra in which every man (drawn from the musical centres of the Old World, by the tales of the new El Dorando) was a soloist of his own instrument. Judges, lawyers, "big" miners and Mounted Police officers were there; proud daughters of the east, and women, who for love of adventure and men had trailed into the Northland. It was an occasion to be remembered.

All this time a very different celebration of St. Valentine's Night was going on at the Forks, at Dennis' Grand Opening. What this fete lacked in refinement it made up in enthusi[illegible] Everything was wide open; in one corner of the large room a faro game was going on, in another, the roulette wheel was clicking the dollars [illegible] while poker, stud and black jack [illegible] men to other sections. The bar, itself, which was in the same room, was li[illegible] with customers, each person—men and women—seeming to fight to get their money into the cash register. Times were good, wages were high and Dennis' popularity undisputed. Here and there the yellow stripes of a Mounted Policeman might be seen, although law and order prevailed on [illegible] sides. There were no gun plays. Slorah, a remnant of the Soapy Smith gang, of Skagway, had made his spectacular stand at the Dominion Saloon and had been hunted down; there was no fear of a repetition, so the lid was up, and everyone might peer in !

Jack Denton was there; a half hour's wrestling with the fiends of j[illegible] and thirst had driven him from his home, ripe for almost anything. He pushed into the thick of the revelry looking for some means by which he might deaden his torture. The caller was perspiring in his effort [illegible] more couples on the already thronged floor.

"What is your pleasure, ladies and gents ?" he bellowed between hollowed hands. Then without waiting for an answer, "Let's have a soft, juicy waltz," and a waltz they had, not especially soft, but certainly on the juicy side. Denton watched the reeling cou[illegible] for a moment then turned back to the bar, where a miner was in the act of throwing his poke of dust on the counter.

"Drink on me, boys," he called, and in a few moments forty ounces of gold had disappeared into the melting pot

"My turn !" cried Jack. "Every body—dance hall and all." And it

took six men a half an hour to serve the crowd which surged to respond to the invitation.

Mamie soon discovered that Denton was there. But before approaching him she slipped into Dennis' private office and called up the town. "Say, Dick," she said as soon as she had got one of the attendants at the Arctic Brotherhood Ball, "will you do a favor fer me?"

"You bet, Mamie," answered the crook. "What's de game?"

"Can you find Frank Burnside's hoss and dope him?"

"Why, what d' hel—?" began the man.

Never mind askin' no questions, now, Dick; jest get busy, if you can, and don't bungle yer job! Leave him ginger enough to get a little piece on the road."

The man laughed appreciatively.

"You're the limit, Mamie! The idee of that there English dood spendin' de night in de open tickles me clean silly."

Mamie echoed his laugh faintly and rang off. Dick was right; she was the limit. The idea of preventing Burnside and Kate Denton from getting home that night—providing possibly that they might reach '60', stay there and thus furnish food for the scandal she would spread, tickled *her* clean silly. Then she went to find Jack.

"Will you dance with me, Jack?" she asked.

He looked at her half in repulsion, a fleeting picture of Kate crossing his mind. Then with a reckless laugh, he swung her to him and away across the floor. She held up her head proudly as she passed her women friends and pretended not to see them.

"She's got him back," said Sweet Marie, "but she can't 'roll him' for anything, I'll bet."

"She never did," said Dutchy. "He's the only man she ever cared a damn about, and we dont 'roll' the men we love."

As the dance ended Mamie led Denton into one of the boxes which lined one side of the hall. There they had too much champagne for her discretion.

"I seen her, to-night," she told him, recklessly.

"Who?"

"Why, Sunshine—your wife. She was in at '60' with the English bloke. They had drinks," she hurried on, "an' she lost one of her flowers. I give it to Squid to keep till I seen you."

"*God!*"

"Oh, Jack," babbled Mamie, crying real champagne tears, "it's killin' me to see you take it so hard! She aint worth—"

"Mamie!" He unwound the arms which had crept about his neck and pushed the woman from him. "Don't dare to mention my wife's name in this place again, to-night! Do you hear me?" he demanded roughly. "Don't dare to mention it to me or to any one else! Promise me on your oath, or I will go home, now!"

She promised, realizing in a vague way that Squid had still his turn with Jack. In a few minutes he found them, Mamie still tearful. Jack sitting silent and ghastly white.

"Hello, Jack," he greeted. "Will you come in on a game? I'll prove how cunnin' a little boy I can be when I aint hittin' the bottle to speak of."

Glad to rid himself of Mamie, and feeling it necessary to accept what he thought was an apology from the fellow, Jack rose and led the way upstairs. His luck of the previous night continued; no matter what Kent held, Denton went one better. Squid began to lose his temper as well as his money. Finally, the bomb exploded. He bet heavily; Jack stayed with him, the others dropping out after three or four rounds. There was upwards of five hundred dollars on the table when he called. Kent held a King Full; Denton four sevens.

"You know the old sayin', Jack," said the former, forcing a laugh. "Lucky at cards, unlucky at love. Dat's you, aint it? I seen your woman down at '60', to-night, drinkin' an' spreein'. Here's what she lost in the scuffle," and he flung Kate's rose in Jack's face.

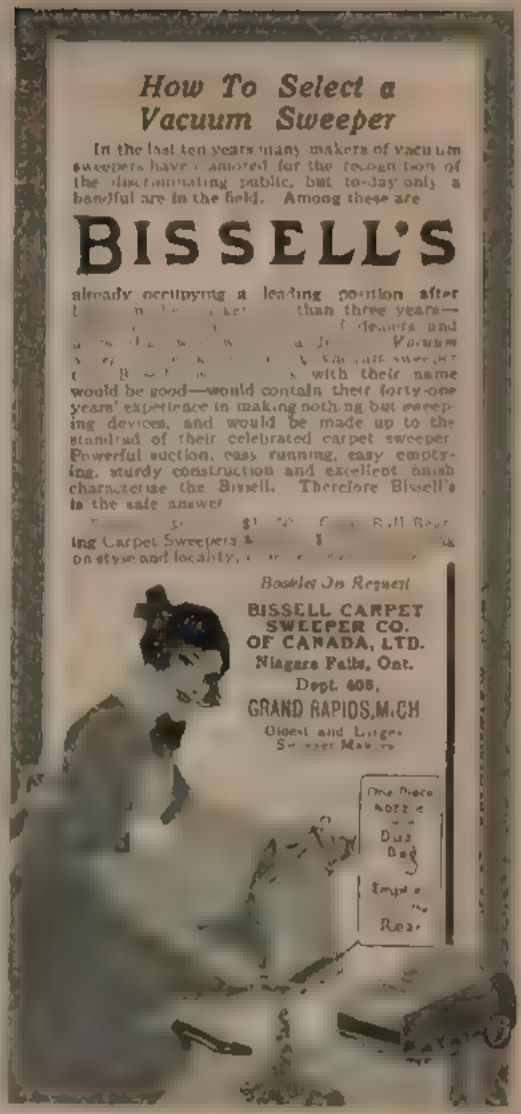
Within the second, Denton's powerful fist had swung under Squid's chin a little to the left, and in what looked like gallons of his own blood, the gambler lay on the floor, inert. The table was upset; cards, chips, gold, glasses and liquor mingled together in a sickening mess; and in the midst of it Jack Denton tried to throw off the imprisoning hands which held him and leap on the limp figure at his feet. Suddenly, he found himself confronted by a Mounted Policeman—a mere stripling—whom he could have crushed to death, with ease. But in an instant, his face changed, the white rage died away leaving the dull red of shame.

"I came near making a fool of myself," he muttered. "He'll be all right, in a minute, Billy."

"Sure!" answered the Policeman cheerfully. "I dont know 'ow it started, but I'll wager you were in the right, Jack. But you can't 'ave it. I 'ave to 'ave the guardian of the law," and take a nap. This is no place for you."

When the first news of the fight reached Dennis Sugrue, he dashed into his office and succeeded after some difficulty in getting Kate on the wire.

"The noight is young, me gur-r-l," he began, with his charming brogue more evident than ever in his gentleness," and oi hate to spoil your foon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but Jack is dhrinkin'; he has just had a scrap with Squid Kent, and unless you take him away, I am fearin' throuble."

"Oh, Dennis!" she moaned. "It will take me hours to reach him!"

"Well, my dearie, roon quick, and make the start. I'll keep an oye on him in the m'anetoume."

Half an hour later Kate and Burnside were racing along the frozen road toward the Forks. The Arctic Brotherhood Ball was in full swing and hardly any one knew that two of its participants had forsaken the hall—least of all Mamie's obliging friend, Dick, who had not been near the stables.

What Burnside said on that long drive has never been revealed, but he is a better friend of the Denton's today than ever, and that says a great deal.

By the time they arrived at the Forks, however, another incident had occurred which threw a cloud over Dennis' Grand Opening. Squid gradually came to; he could see nothing but the lust for blood, could feel nothing but the overpowering desire to kill someone. Even his hurt, which was considerable was forgotten in this desire.

"I'll fix him yet," he cursed. "No one can do me like that and get away with it!"

After a little, he crept down stairs where pandemonium reigned. Denton was everywhere, singing, dancing, drinking and playing the wheel. After each haul, for his luck was still with him, he would turn the money into the coffers of the house and the wine into the open mouths of the bystanders. There came a moment when he leaned well over the bar, trying to attract the attendant's notice the moment for which Kent had been waiting. He edged stealthily closer—and closer—and closer, until he stood almost beside his man. Seizing a long heavy bottle he brought it down with crushing force on Denton's head, and then, dropping his weapon, he struck fiercely at Jack's face as the latter sank unconscious to the floor. A Mounted Policeman caught Squid from behind, and dragged him cursing from the room; all was confusion, men shouted and women screamed.

"He's a goner!" said some.

"My Gawd! Look at the blood!" cried a woman and added to the horror by capping a shrill scream with a fit.

Jack was carried away and laid on Dennis' own bed. The doctor was summoned.

"What a sight for poor little Sunshine when she sees him," said Sugrue to himself, looking at the bandaged head of his friend. "Squid Kent will swing for this!"

When Kate arrived, a hush fell over

the crowd. A more incongruous sight can hardly be imagined than this beautiful woman, with her pure, undefiled face amongst the nondescript aggregation of miners, and gamblers, and the painted denizens of the dance halls. Mamie saw her and stared.

It 's Gawd's mercy the dope didn't work ' she said superstitiously, "she had oughter be here, I reckon."

Behind closed doors, Kate approached the bed-side, slowly.

"What has happened ?" she asked hoarsely of the doctor who was still present. "Will he die ?"

"His great strength ought to pull him through, my dear." answered the other, "although he got a blow which would have killed most men outright. Look, he added, "he is opening his eyes !"

Softly, he went from the room.

"Kate !" whispered her husband. "Oh Kate !"

"Here I am, dearest—Oh, Jack," she sobbed, "are you very much hurt ?"

The vacant stare took on intelligence.

"Why little woman, how did you get here—in this place ? They should not have let you come. I guess I'm all in; don't cry—it's better so. You love him, and he will be good to you." The voice trailed off feebly.

"Jack, Jack !" cried the girl. "What are you saying ? Who is there but you ?"

"I thought you—and Burnside—they told me—" the story of his hunger, his jealousy, his suspicion came in halting words.

"My beloved," said the girl, "there is no one, never has been any one but you ! You must know it ! Why, Jack you are my king—my god !" She could say no more; but her head dropped until it lay upon his breast. His great hand stole out feebly and caught her little trembling fingers.

"It's more than I have any right to ask," he whispered.

And with the rays of the big silver Yukon moon, a heavenly peace entered into that little room and into the hearts of the two who rested there.

The Case At Evelyn Grange

Continued from page 179.

"Up in the air like a colt, sir. Wouldn't have none of it. I'd insulted her, and she'd go to her mistress—an' she did," he added ruefully. "Then I came straight to you, sir."

"Wendham, do you hear that ?" Evelyn exclaimed.

"I was there when it happened—or rather, when she ran to Mrs. Gaynor with the story. She was, as John says, up in the air."

"What did Nellie say ?" inquired Evelyn.

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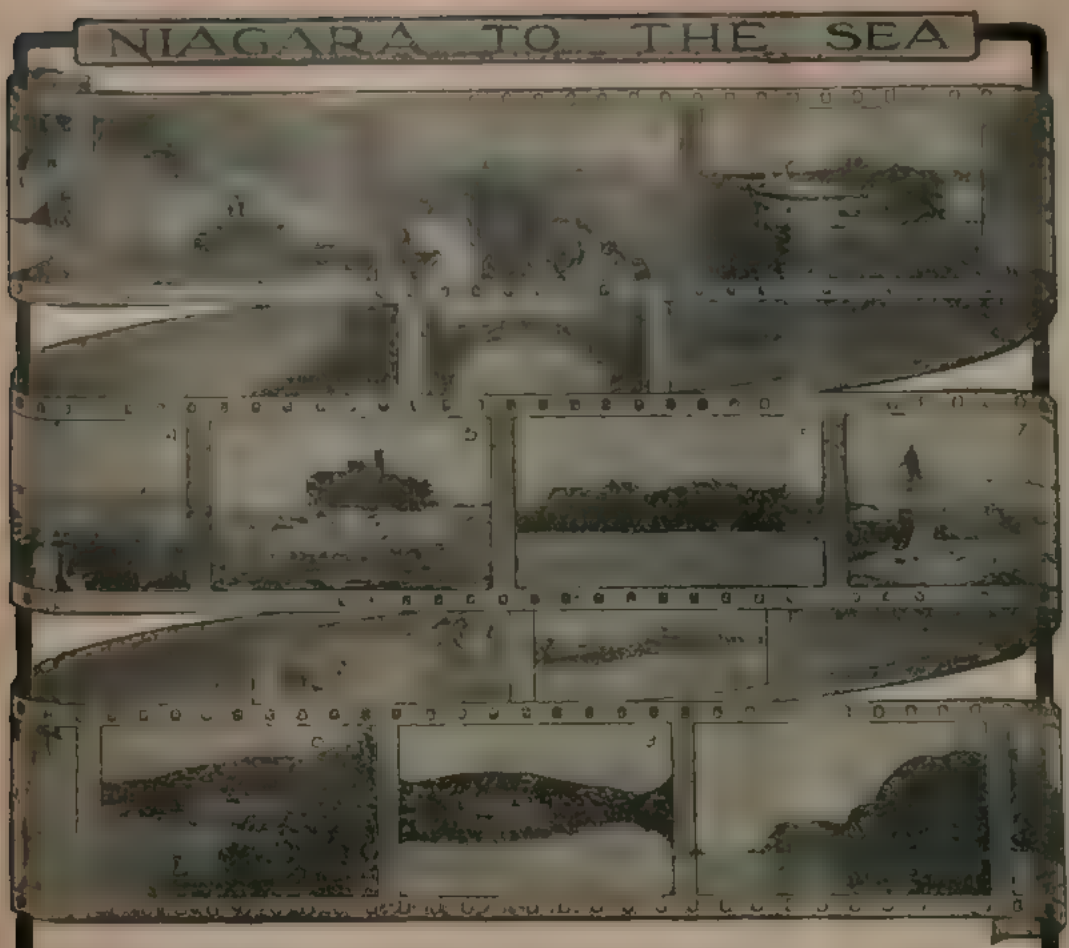

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Wendham's face clouded. "Mrs. Gaynor isn't strong, as I've told you. This evening has been terribly hard on her. I was afraid that this final complication would prove the last straw, but she pulled herself up like a thoroughbred, told Adele that she had absolute confidence in her and then ordered her back to remain under Mrs. Lawdon's supervision."

"What do *you* make of it?" asked Evelyn. Wendham hesitated, and his host read his wishes.

"You may leave us, John. Thank you. Good night."

The servant bowed and retired.

"I don't know what to think," said Wendham, reverting to the last question; "but this I do believe, that girl is as innocent as you are. She was beside herself with shame and indignation, and it was genuine. I'm far more inclined to suspect—John."

It was Evelyn's turn to fall into a brown study, from which he emerged with his friend's words upon his lips. "I wonder—I wonder. That would be a foxy game, wouldn't it? But has he the sense? Supposing this man *did* see some one, and that one wasn't Adele? Who could it be? If a man, then small and slender enough to dress and pass for a girl; if a woman, one who was either in our employ or who dressed as a maid. It's beyond me. Suppose the things were stolen by some one in the house—Adele, let us say, or John—what would they do with them? No one has left the place, the robbery was discovered so soon."

"Of course," said Wendham, "they're hidden, and, of course, in a place that would not be likely to be thought of, at least in any superficial search, such as we made to-night. This has been planned, Heaven knows how long ahead, and the receptacle chosen. If John is the guilty one, I would incline to the garden—an old well, the cellar. I once heard of a butler who put stolen diamonds into a bottle of port, corked, and resealed it, marked it, and put it with the other bottles. Unfortunately the very next day the master happened to take out that bottle from the back row—and—there you are. It was mere luck. We may be as fortunate. If, on the contrary, it's Adele, there's no telling. If that girl is clever enough to lie with such absolute appearance of truth, she's clever enough to outwit us all, and our only hope is that she'll be too clever and meet us half-way round the circle again."

"Oh, well, what's the use? Let's go to bed, old man. I'm down and out." Evelyn rose, stretched himself and suppressed a yawn. "Look, here comes the dawn. Was ever anything better than that? Corot is a back number, as Alice would say."

The great plain far below the hill was

wrapped in the night grading to purple. A thread of scarlet touched its uttermost rim, while above the clouds melted to tones of opal. Higher yet the amber west sky was lumped a [illegible]. The two men stood by the window a moment then simultaneously turned away. "Good night—excuse me, good day, old man. Thanks for your help and your pleasant company."

"Don't mention it," said Wendham. "There's something stewing at the back [illegible] soon. If I did I'll let you know. The [illegible] queen of much [illegible] Canadian."

They sought their rooms. Wendham's brain was too active for sleep. Instead, after a cold plunge, he seated himself, wrapped in a heavy bathrobe, by the window and watched the miracle of morning.

Somewhere the inward self, as if after huge and hidden labor, supplied a recollection. Apparently it was not connected with the [illegible] mind. It seemed to be the effort to reach the thing desired to the dislodgment of another memory from its cell.

"Why, of course, Mrs. Wimbleton was the woman whom the famous Reed [illegible] once said was the most gifted hypnotist of his acquaintance." Yes, that was the name. He had not been able to place it—no wonder. Who would have connected Mrs Gaynor with a science so remote from her interests, or with anyone so devoted to its pursuits? Wimbleton—the name on the envelope entrusted to his care, had uselessly haunted him! The strange, insistent, relentless personality that dwells in us all, pushed aside his conventional wonderings and thoughts. He found himself suddenly confronted by the vision of the maid as she clung to Mrs. Gaynor's knees—of the strange relaxation of her body, when with gentle, forceful firmness he had ordered her to be quiet. He recalled the anxiety of her gaze. He had no thought of compelling her will, other than [illegible] to secure the woman he loved [illegible] which might [illegible] barrier of self-control that still protected her throbbing nerves—no thought but this great [illegible]. He recalled the sharp, almost frightened tone in which Mrs Gaynor had mentally [illegible] presence were closing about her pre[illegible] personality. She knew then—she realized what was happening—what might happen! "Am I insane!" he [illegible]. He threw [illegible] and scared in brain and heart.

Again he was forced to see and to fit

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another piece into the puzzle. Mrs. Gaynor had spent nearly a year abroad—in Paris, three years ago, while he was following his medico-psychical research in Vienna. So much Calvin Mortimer had told him. That was the time when Mrs. Wimbleton had studied with Berillian. They must have known each other there. It was fair to suppose then that Mrs. Gaynor was familiar with a subject so successfully, if erratically, followed by her friend. This girl, this Adele, had accepted her mistress' fallen fortunes and accompanied her.

"This is sheer nonsense," he exclaimed, "sheer nonsense! There wasn't evidence enough to cast even a suspicion. The whole thing was natural. It was the peculiar manifestation of extraordinary conditions—nothing more. It is my own state of mind that is disordered. For God's sake, man, be sane! Walk off this madness!"

Dressing himself hastily in his tramping tweeds, he traversed the silent house, and selected a heavy black thorn stick from the hall rack.

At the door a pallid, red-eyed servant barred his way

"Pardon," he murmured respectfully. "Mr. Evelyn requests no one to leave the house."

Wendham sighed. "Right, Alfred; I hadn't thought of that."

"Besides—" the man opened the door slightly, giving a glimpse of lawn, drive, and distant spangled hills; in the foreground a young man, in puttees and heavy traveling homespuns, was busily taking photographs. "That's the first of 'em, sir," said the servant grimly, "and I know what it is sir. I was with Mr. Elwell-Kanes when Master Robert was shot."

Wendham reddened angily. "Have him sent off at once, the beggar!"

"What's the use?" said the servant, wisely resigned.

In his own room once more Wendham returned to the open casement. Already the miracle of dawn had become the miracle of day. The distant reaches of the plains no longer unfolded roll upon roll of gossamer—blue, opal, and rose. Over the newly illuminated earth a cloud of tinsel seemed to float, brilliantly outlining each fall and rise of the rolling plain with an edge of keenest crystal. The air seemed suddenly purified, sterilized of the dreams of night, new-breathed from the realms of the upper ether. Wendham drew long breaths of the elixir, refreshing body and mind for the day's struggle. For the present he felt things must take their course. The terrible suspicion that beset his heart must be verified, but sanely, calmly, for the best result, above all for the safety of the one woman. What to him was Mrs. Lawdon

clamoring for the insignia of her vanity? Deep within himself he gave thanks for his old conviction—"crime is disease and somewhere in the realm of science lies the cure." But had the enemy made inroads so far that conscience was dead? Would one woman sacrifice the other? Suppose the net of evidence drew too close about her?

He shuddered, but his loyal spirit rose to the hazard. Some operations offend every aesthetic sense. Must the physician fail in his sympathy and attention? He was startled to discover how he had accepted the suggestion of his thought. That was beyond reason. He would consider how slight was the foundation upon which his imagination had reared his conviction—it was a deduction that he must verify before he might consider it anything but the shadow of conjecture. He scored himself roundly for his readiness to accept such a damnable solution of the problem. He must be wise, quick of thought, slow of action, and his time, his strength, the knowledge that had borne him to such strange deductions, all things must become subservient to her necessities—but—he must *know*.

To be continued

Lord o' Land

Continued from page 201.

concerning their cattle and sheep which they praise like shepherds in an ecologue. Their new thoroughbred ram has well-sprung ribs, and deep ones at that, thus giving plenty of room for food. It has a capacious chest chamber, and there was never a backbone better fleshed. Its heavy scrag or neck is an indication of its pronounced strength. All the sheep on this range are medium-wooled, these being hardier and more prolific. Open fleeced sheep stand little chance of surviving in Alberta, for the snow particles beat directly against their bodies chilling and killing them after the manner of the beautiful *Annabel Lee*. Wool is not so fine here because the land is flat. Where the country is hilly, and the sheep feed on a slope facing south, their wool is finer in texture.

Thacker has a ewe which jumps the hurdles in a most unsheep like manner, but he has punched a hole in her ear and tied it back to the wool on her neck so that her gadding days are over. The string prevents her jumping for a ewe, oh, ignorant reader! cannot jump without putting her ears forward.

Every year he culls out the old ewes which are "broken-mouthed" but those which raise twins are given the preference over those which have single. A ewe with twins sometimes neglects the second lamb, in which event the

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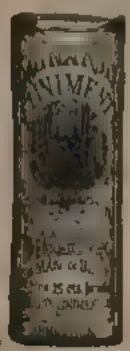

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neglected one is sprinkled with salt, thus encouraging the mother to lick, and incidentally, to nurse it.

Sheep do not require the outlay of as much capital as other animals; they increase rapidly, and furnish returns twice a year. They eat the tailings of feed otherwise of no value, besides keeping the farm clear of weeds.

This sheep-farmer is getting an Angora male goat as he has heard on good authority that coyotes will not injure a flock where one is kept. He has a brother who raises sheep in South Africa, and in that country the sheep are led into the enclosures at shearing time by castrated goats called "kapaters." Maybe, after all, it was not a chance happening that the horn of plenty which Jupiter gave to the nymphs was a goat's horn; be that as it may, a goat is surely needed on this steading for, in spite of their uninflectional and agglutinative barking, there is a dubiety about the steadiness of the sheep-dogs while under stress of temptation. As I lay awake in the night, I heard for myself how the coyotes—the slaughterous, wanton she-coyotes came up close to coax and woo them to the woods.

"Don't go!" I kept saying to myself. "Don't go, you shag-haired idiots! The hungry slit-throat males wait close by to ravin your master's flock, and you are the man on guard."

The lean wailing of these thieves is the cry of a hope that still hopes; an esoteric sorrow, or ailing ego that refuses to be comforted. The only virtue of the coyotes may be summed up in the fact that they make a piece of scenery on the prairie. They are 'sitters up a-nights," evil-doers, and super-villains who in spite of the refining influences that have come to all flesh through evolution, selection, or struggle for life, are still sunk in a state of original and hopeless sin.

A Box of Candy

Continued from page 185

resisted his efforts, loaded baskets with provisions, and swept up scraps of food and paper that miraculously renewed themselves upon the floor. He was not used to physical toil, and more than once he felt that nature could bear no more—he must give up the job and lie down and rest for hours and hours.

The vision of the little girl with the long brown braids came to him at these despairing moments, however, and saved him from surrender. He could not maintain the reckless pace which he had set himself on the first day, but he kept on with dogged determination. He felt that he would be repaid.

By the time that Saturday afternoon arrived, his feet seemed burdened with lead weights. Every fibre of his body was quivering with weariness, and his muscles felt as if they had been pounded.

"You're gettin' lazy like the rest of 'em," commented Wamley, as Philip slowly moved a cracker box into position

The boy turned his head away to hide the quick tears that filled his eyes. He was near the end of his strength, but he was doing the best he could.

"You get and hustle that premium china up out of the cellar," continued Wamley, "and don't take all day about it

Philip descended the steps and surveyed the heavy box that he must move. He gave it a tentative shove. It did not budge. He braced his shoulder against it, and tried again. It yielded, very slowly, and in response to Philip's frantic efforts, deliberately turned over on its side. Another struggle, and it stood at the foot of the stairs

Philip sat down upon it, and looked at the steps that led up into the store. The appeared to him like the side of the pyramid of Cheops, and as hard to scale He groaned as he arose, and toppled the box on to the lowest step. Securing a fresh grip, he heaved until he could get his shoulder under the burden, and carefully straightened up. The packing case bumped heavily on to a higher elevation and remained there, refusing to go farther. The weight bore crushingly upon the boy, who stood shaky braced below. He pushed with his hands, but found that his arms had lost all their force.

He stretched out one foot, to seek a lower step. The distance was greater than he had calculated, and he cautiously bent the other knee. His error was instantly apparent. The box began to sink, and his leg slowly doubled under him. He shut his eyes and lurched forward with a cry.

When he recovered consciousness, Wamley was shaking him roughly by the shoulder. He was lying on the floor beside the case of premium china, and the man was bending over him, red and angry.

"You get up and get out of here!" roared the grocer, shaking him again. "I oughter knock yer head off! Get up!"

He yanked the boy to his feet by the coat collar.

"Them wages of yourn won't half pay the damage," pursued Wamley

pushing his late assistant up the stairs. "Don't you ever come out, and stay out!"

Philip's head was very light and seemed to float upon his shoulders as he staggered to the door. His feet carried him automatically down the street, across the vacant lot at the second corner, and up the steps to his home without any conscious volition of his own. He was unconscious of the length of time it took him, and of the few passers-by who turned to stare at the pallid little boy wavering along on unsteady legs, clutching at the fences now and again to straighten him on his course. He dropped into his mother's open arms, once inside the house, and lay there quietly for a long while.

Neither his father's stormy wrath at the grocer, when he heard the story, nor the loving sympathy of his mother could soothe the ache in Philip's soul and body. He was shamed, humiliated and defeated. Temporary comfort came with the discovery of an immense bump upon his head, larger than any he had ever seen upon the persons of his friends, but this balm to his pride was not lasting. The bump, indeed, remained to hurt him, but his satisfaction at its size vanished beneath the flood of his woes.

Sunday found him plunged in gloom. He climbed wearily into the barn loft at the hour when other children were in Sunday School, and occupied some time in a review of the evidence that Fate was against him. Life had brought him only suffering, he concluded, and he was destined to be the helpless sport of circumstance.

The thought that he might retrieve his financial losses was dismissed. His private fortune at no time had exceeded a nickel, and now he had no nickel. He descended from his retreat at length, unrefreshed in spirit, and sought refuge from his sorrows in a book.

He returned to school the next morning, attired in his best suit. The outfit that he had worn in his service under Wamley was a ruin, past repair. The boys in the school yard displayed a lively interest in Philip's improved attire, and he consented to display the knob on his head to a select few whom he counted his friends. He did not linger long outdoors, however, and amazed Miss Meaney by occupying his seat a full ten minutes before school convened.

The girl with the brown braids was already at her desk, idly turning the pages of her geography. She passed his desk many times, on ostentatious errands, but he refused to look up. Once she hesitated beside him, and seemed about to speak. He hastily pretended to adjust his shoe string, and at the moment she passed on.

He kept his eyes averted from her throughout the session. A stubborn resolve to break the bond that held him to her had taken possession of his mind.

Once, when he stood up to recite, his eyes met hers. She was turned half around in her seat, looking at him with deep and friendly interest. He flushed, stuttered, and lost track of his remarks, finally dropping to his seat in confession of failure. He did not look up again until school was dismissed.

He saw her up the street before him, after school and he made a detour through an alley to avoid her.

"Positively," said his mother, that night, "the child has not smiled since he broke Wamley's china."

"Wamley," commented his father, "ought to be horsewhipped."

Philip stared listlessly out of the window.

"Been having a pretty rough time, haven't you, son?" said the man.

"Uh, huh," agreed Philip listlessly.

"Well, I guess that's so," said the father. "To-morrow's your birthday, and I guess you'd better cheer up."

He delved in his trousers pocket.

"Here, this'll help, maybe."

Philip stared. His father's hand was outstretched, and in it was money—a quarter and a half dollar!

He sat transfixed for a moment, and then, suddenly, his pall of care dropped from him.

"Oh, pa!" he cried.

He threw himself upon his father and flung his arms about his neck. In another instant he was speeding out the door, the money in his hand. The father wiped the moist remainder of a kiss from his cheek.

"I think that's the first time the boy ever did that in his life," said the man in some embarrassment.

Early on his birthday morning Philip was astir. He sat up in bed and carefully lifted his pillow. Beneath it was an oblong package which he viewed with unspeakable satisfaction. It had beautiful flowers on it and was tied with gold cord. He picked it up and examinde it for the twentieth time, turning it over and over, and stopping to read the boldly penciled inscription on the bottom:

"75c"

Finally, putting down the box of candy, he collected his clothing from the floor and dressed himself with care. When his toilet was completed he issued forth into the street, concealing the package under his coat. He whistled gayly, though much out of tune, as he trod the route to Washington Street and the brick house where the new girl lived. His heart was uplifted with the conviction that no boy in Crayville, and very likely none even in great cities, had ever bestowed so impressive a gift upon a girl.

Thus cheerfully occupied, he descried Louie Born in the distance. Louie was bearing a pitcher which he struck from time to time against the stone sidewalk, producing a pleasant ringing sound.

As they approached Philip tucked his parcel farther up inside his coat. Louie noted it immediately.

"What you got?" he demanded.

"Oh, something," said Philip. "I got to take something to a house up here. Where are you going?"

"After some milk."

Their ways lay together and Louie fell alongside, eying the lump under the other's coat. Philip was at first inclined to be annoyed. Then he reflected that Louie might prove to be a valuable supporting force or rearguard, and he was beginning to feel conscious of the need of some such aid. He was already hoping that her father or mother would answer his ring.

"Is it here?" said Louie, as they stopped before the brick house. "Here's where the new girl lives. Do you know her?"

"No—this is just for her father. I got to take this bundle to him."

He blocked Louie's move to accompany him to the door.

"You just wait there a second," he said. "I'll be out in a minute."

His feet made an unconscionable racket as he crossed the porch. A wild hope that she had not yet awakened surged through him as he turned the handle of the old-fashioned door bell. He knew he would make a mess of his errand should she answer his ring.

The door knob rattled and turned. It seemed an age before the door swung open, but his paralyzed legs refused to obey the impulse to turn and flee.

He gasped and gulped at the sweet-faced little girl who appeared before him. She was wearing a silky white jacket of a type that he had never seen before, and her hair was loosely coiled upon her head after a grown-up fashion. She smiled at him, pleasantly.

"Good morning, Philip," she said.

The discovery that she knew his name completely demoralized him. He had never thought about that.

"I—uh," he began, "I—uh—"

His throat was strangely constricted and he turned away for relief. Louie Born was standing at the curb, deeply absorbed in the scene on the porch. He had deposited his pitcher in the grass and stood with his hands thrust deep in his pockets, his face very serious and intent.

"I—uh," said Philip again, turning his eyes helplessly to the roof.

He was holding the Paris Bon Bons stiffly out before him. He remembered as he struggled for further utterance that he had forgotten to place his name upon the box.

"Was this for me?" inquired the girl, glancing at the elaborately decorated package.

He looked at her appealingly. If

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only she would take the gift, step inside and shut the door, all would be well. Instead, she remained there with that little inquiring smile upon her lips, waiting for him to speak. He felt that his face was crimson, and that his knees were quaking visibly

He opened his mouth in another trial at speech, and produced no sound. He thought of Louie, standing outside and watching every move. It was then that an inspiration came to him, bringing with it restoration of his voice.

"I—it's for y-you," he stammered. "L-Louie, he asked me to give this to you. It's a present from him. He—he didn't want to come in himself. He——"

Philip again became inarticulate as he backed down the steps. She had the box of candy in her hands, and was dimpling with pleasure.

"Thank you, Louie," she called from the doorway.

With the landscape dancing giddily before him, Philip stumbled away, leaving Louie astounded and gaping on the curb. It was not until he reached the corner that he turned for one last look.

"Oh—oh, gee!" he groaned.

Louie Born was standing on the porch of her home, ringing the door bell. The resourceful Louie was going in to investigate.

The door swung open, and Louie stepped inside.

It was a long half hour that Philip waited, there on the street corner. He sat on the curbstone, his chin on his knees and his hands clenched together before him. Rage filled his heart as he looked at the big brick house which his own folly had opened to Louie Born.

At last Louie emerged. He took his cap from his pocket, put it on, and removed it again by way of parting salute.

"Good-bye," Philip heard him say.

"Good by," came the girl's voice from within.

Louie came down the steps, picked up his pitcher from the grass, and started jauntily on his way. His cap was far back on his head and his face was alight with satisfaction.

Philip came swiftly up behind him.

"Say, you!" he called.

Louie turned, and took a startled backward step. Philip, his head thrust forward, his fists doubled, clearly was prepared for combat.

"What's the matter, anyhow?" demanded Louie

"I'll show you," announced Philip, continuing his advance. "I'll learn you! What'd you say in there?"

He was walking on tiptoe, his knees bent and his body drawn into a crouch. Louie was appalled.

"Looky here, darn it," he said, "what you want to act that way for? I ain't done anything."

"What'd you say in there?" repeated Philip, beginning to prance in a manner suggestive of Indian warfare.

It was no time to temporize.

"I—why," said Louie, backing rapidly, "I just went in and she gave me some of that candy and——"

The sentence was never finished. Philip centered all his power behind one round, hard fist, and smote Louie on the nose.

"Ate my candy!" he howled. "I'll learn you!"

He leaped upon his victim, and seized him by the hair. Rules for personal combat as laid down by the late Marquis of Queensbury were unknown to Philip, but his methods were effective. Louie sank limply to the ground, and his enemy fell upon him. The ironstone china pitcher lay beside them, shattered into bits.

The conflict was brief and one-sided. Thirty seconds after the beginning of hostilities Louie emerged from beneath his assailant and proceeded up the street, roaring loudly. His face was streaked with dust and tears, and his nose bleeding freely. His short trousers were torn up the leg, and one stocking hung down over his shoe. He was a ruin of a boy.

Philip, panting from his exertions, raised his voice.

"And you'll get it when you get home," he shouted, "for bustin' your mother's pitcher and not gettin' the milk."

Louie turned his battered face, awry with weeping, and shook his fist. Philip made a threatening movement, and the vanquished foe dodged into an alley.

"I learned him," muttered Philip.

Then he set out for home. He refused to look as he pased the new girl's house, but kept his eyes fixed straight before him. He, too, had learned his lesson. He was through with girls—forever.

The Pedlar's Pack

Continued from page 181.

Heaven keep him safe, this latterday Yorick, to once more "set the table on a roar!"

THE executive secretary of a group of men and women in the U. S. A., who are agitating for peace, is L. P. Lochner, the man who is credited with persuading Henry Ford to embark on the Peace Ship venture. He and his co-workers are receiving flattering attention from the government. Let us hope Lochner will be becalmed this trip, too! I wonder if you will appreciate, as I did, this inside story of the Peace Ship told me by a newspaper woman who was on board—this delicious incident of that laughable cruise!

Henry Ford, as you know, was seriously ill—pneumonia, if I remember rightly—when the ship reached Norway. Peace delegates from all over Norway and Sweden, and a few from Holland boarded the ship for Peace Conference number one. But the doctor said that Mr. Ford could see them for only twenty minutes. They argued that twenty minutes was better than nothing and that they had come a long way, and Henry had come a long way, so they hied them in a stately party to the luxurious apartment where the Millionaire Pacifist lay in bed. The first to be introduced was the Minister of Agriculture—or whatever they call 'em over there—and when Ford met him, his lack-lustre eye suddenly gleamed. He sat up in bed. And for those precious twenty minutes he eagerly expounded to that minister of agriculture the amazing qualities of his latest agricultural implement—a traction plough, I think. The doctor turned them all out, before he had half-finished, and before a second pacifist had been introduced!

So much for Peace Conference number one!

If Henry Ford had tried to run his factory in the half-hearted way that he engineered that jitney service to Europe, the Ford car would never have been heard of outside of Detroit! It seems to me that the man is, at the same time, a child and a genius. The Peace Ship was a beautiful and expensive fairy story to him. He certainly left his heart at home in the Ford Factory when he set sail in that ship of which he was master, and he soon grew tired of playing at being a Pacifist.

Gerald Stanley Lee, in commenting on Ford and the Peace Ship said:

"Every now and then when I am

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listening to the Boston Symphony Orchestra from my seat down in the audience. I fall to watching the trombone player. Sometimes I get so interested and sympathetic I forget. That wonderful, long-drawn-out sweetness, that long-and-short of sweetness—it makes me almost move my hands back and forth to listen to it. I feel like stepping right up to the platform and taking hold myself. I dream of standing up there *before everybody* and pushing the music thoughtfully, softly, back and forth. . . . . .

"But something in me restrains me.

"My feeling about Mr. Ford is that *he would step right up.*

"Of course he has his own instrument—a colossal pipe organ he daily plays on out in Detroit, which he has played on as no man has ever played before. But he sees President Wilson with his trombone, and in a minute more he is up there on the platform sawing the sweetness back and forth."

However, Ford is playing his own instrument in beautiful harmony in the National Symphony, now; and Woodrow Wilson is conducting the orchestra!

I ASKED Marion Long, "Is it the fault of the artists, or of an inartistic and careless public, that Canadians as a whole do not take Canadian art very seriously?"

Miss Long replied with another question—a trick I despise—"Do you ever read Shopenhaur?"

"In my younger and more enthusiastic days"—I murmured vaguely.

"Do you remember this?" she went on: "'Just as the sun cannot shed its light but to the eye that sees it, nor music sound but to the hearing ear, so the value of all masterly work in art and science is conditioned by the kinship and capacity of the mind to which it speaks.'"

Have you ever looked through a reducing glass? It is the opposite of a magnifying glass. The effect is magical! In the faraway picture one seems to see new depth of color—even new colors. Perhaps one even sees for the first time, the shadow of a cloud on a green slope. In short, when the perspective is changed, the eyes become keener.

Perhaps we need a new perspective on the *idea* of Canadian art. Perhaps our kinship with Canadian artists has worn a little thin. Perhaps in these days of war we fail to appreciate beauty that is, in the eyes of its creator, its own justification. Our emotions are untouched by mere beauty—they must be appealed to by an art that expresses those human things that are vital to us nowadays.

Perhaps that is why Marion Long's pictures, in black-and-white, "Killed in Action," and "Missing," always had a little group of silent people before them at the Canadian Academy, and the Ontario Society of Artists' Exhibitions in Montreal and Toronto; and that in reviewing the exhibition in Montreal the critic of La Presse, said, apropos of these two pictures: "Marion Long is a great artist." He was a worthy critic, for he did not give a personal opinion of the merits of the pictures. He told of their value to the public. He saw that they expressed something that stirred the hearts of the people—that taught them human sympathy—so, knowing that such is the ultimate test, he said that they were great art.

It is strange that this Canadian artist should speak her most humanly satisfying message in a black-and-white medium; for she has a genius for color. In "The Gold Fish Bowl" which she has been invited to show at the Toronto Exhibition this year—look out for it—the colors are so rich as to give one a thrill of pleasure. But it is art for life's sake—not art for beauty's sake—that stirs Canadians to appreciation to-day.

So it seems that, if Canadians are to take Canadian art more seriously, time—and perhaps peace—will have to give the public a different perspective—a perspective that opens their eyes to a beauty that is its own justification, beauty of color and form—or the artists must express human things that will make stronger the kinship between artist and public.

"RAGGS"

His Great Discovery

Continued from page 208.

after this, Junior," his wife announced to her first-born, over her coffee and rolls. "We've been prudent and self-denying a long while. Let's all take a vacation. Suppose we each say what we would like to do and to have best, and we'll try to get it. What do you think of the idea, Roger?"

He looked bewildered. "Whatever you think is best, is, dear," he answered.

He did not realize what an era of extravagance and self-indulgence his acquiescence would usher in. After a few feeble protests, he began to enjoy it as much as the rest did. Even if they were spending much more than he earned, was not Alma's point well taken? They were not defrauding any one, for debts would hurt no one on the second of December. If her creditors were perfectly satisfied with a system of "paid on account", instead of "paid in full," why should he be the only one to object?

His wife developed amazingly those first few weeks. The home began to move with well-oiled wheels—the table was attractive, and guests were numerous. Alma looked as young and pretty as in those far-off days when he had courted her. An inner excitement kept her cheeks flushed and her eyes bright. Her gayety and courage were infectious, and his hours at home grew longer. They began to live over their honeymoon days.

Something that the years had buried began to stir again, a sympathy for the hopes of the woman he had married. She did not try to paint, he guessed she could not, but he did not dream of reproaching her when a few good pictures found their way to the walls, though he knew that she must be drawing on their small savings account. It was as well spent that way, now, as any.

The month of November fairly galloped toward its close. As the days passed the husband and wife began to avoid each other's eyes, like fellow-conspirators. Alma's tenderness and indulgence surrounded her children. She could not leave them a minute.

"What a bully dinner!" exclaimed Roger, junior. It was the evening of the thirtieth. "We have everything we like best." Mrs. Wilder's eyes were on her plate. "Crab bisque soup, that's father's; turkey for me; oyster patties for Miriam, and ice-cream for the twins! Oh, why, what's wrong with mother?" For Mrs. Wilder had fled from the room.

A few minutes later the Professor found her in her own room. She was looking out of the window, over beyond the hills. Her hands were dry and hot. He took her gently in his arms. "The strain has been too hard on you, dear."

When she raised her eyes from his coat sleeve, they were brave again, and bright.

"It's been a good time, though, hasn't it, Roger? It's really been the year of my life. I've lived every minute, and I've done so many things I've dreamed of. And we'll all go together."

"What do you plan to do, dear heart?" he asked, his tenderness stifling him, for he must not undermine that bright courage. "Would you rather stay up?"

She shook her head with decision-

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"No, indeed: We must all go to bed as if nothing were going to happen. And I had dinner late purposely. Will you tell the children to go now, Roger? I'll go in later and hear their prayers."

"But you won't be able to sleep, Alma," her husband objected.

Her fingers closed tight over her sleeping-powders. "Yes, I will," she responded. "Tell the children there's lemonade for them to-night, if they get to bed quick."

And the Professor wondered why he could not stay awake. He had gone to bed to oblige Alma, but he had expected to pretend sleeping only. He craved to be on his feet when the end came; he wanted to feel the crack of worlds, to see the glare—but this queer feeling—strange a man could sleep as he was rushing on eternity!

A few hours later Mrs. Wilder awoke, and in a rush the realization of their doom came to her. She was awake, and all alone. The powders had failed to work, and there were none left. Mr. Wilder was sleeping deeply. She began to tremble. She would feel the terrible shock—a slight tremor shook the house. Then everything was still. It had sounded like the sunrise signal the forts give. Could it be possible? She turned on the shrouded night lamp. It was seven o'clock. What had happened to the comet?

In an instant she was on her feet, and the next minute the window shades were letting in a reluctant, foggy day. The street below was full of casual, unsuspecting people.

"Roger, wake up!" she cried. She shook him in her excitement. "It's to-morrow; it's the first of December, and nothing has happened. The comet must have been detained somewhere, or gobbled up. Oh, do wake up!"

The Professor sat up, the effect of the drug slowly leaving him. Then his mind grasped the significance of the gray sky through which a torpid sun was trying to shine. Instantly he was out of bed, struggling into his clothes.

"Roger, where are you going? Oh, don't leave me!"

"I'll be back immediately," shouted her husband from the lower hall. "Something has happened to that comet."

To keep their excitement away from the children Mrs. Wilder had breakfast at the usual hour, and she was still at the table when her husband returned. She sent the children away hurriedly. The Professor sank into his chair.

"Tell me, immediately, Roger. It's coming?"

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His eyes were dazed. "You were right to advise my not announcing it," he said. "It's the queerest fluke. We missed it by a hair. Why are your teeth chattering so? Where's all your courage gone?"

For Mrs. Wilder was trembling violently.

"I don't like comets to be so—familiar," she sobbed. "What do you mean by a hair, Roger? How near is it to us this minute? Is there any danger of its coming back? A million miles away—million—mi——"

Presently she dried her eyes. "Well, let's enjoy to-day," she said, "before the servants go."

"Before the servants go," he echoed. "Where are they going?"

"Anywhere in space—like the comet," she gasped. Then she rang the bell, her eyes taking a sensuous pleasure in the picture the maid gave in her black gown and white apron, the coffee steaming from the silver urn she carried.

There was a loud peal at the door-bell, and a look of sudden fear leaped to Mrs. Wilder's eyes.

"What is it, dear?" asked the Professor. "You're all unstrung!"

The maid returned, leaving a pile of letters on the tray. "All for you, Mrs. Wilder."

Alma glanced over the envelopes, and shuddered. She exchanged one long look with the Professor. For the bills had come!

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18